



THE

Tatler

THE CHANGED PROMS

& Bystander 2s. weekly 10 Aug. 1960



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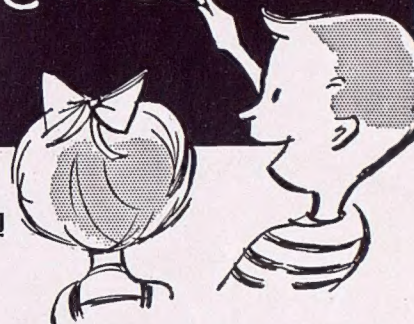
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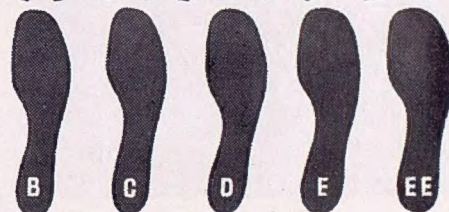
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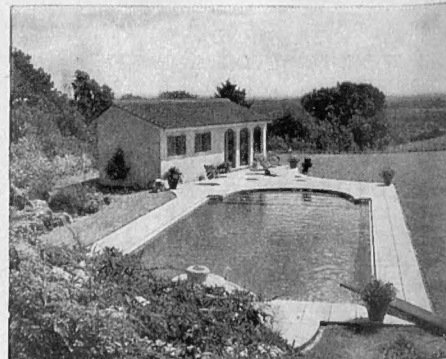
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10 AUGUST 1960

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THE AGE OF AIRBORNE MOTORING



Picked for private flying (see page 233) a French Jodel 140 Mousquetaire, one of several imported types. This four-seater has an 800 mile range and costs a basic £4,500 (including flying training up to PPL level) through Rollason Aircraft & Engines Ltd., Croydon Airport. The passenger wears white lace trousers and tunic top with a loosely tying belt, price 29½ gns, from Bazaar, King's Rd., Chelsea. Photographed at the Moisselle airfield, near Paris, by COLIN SHERBORNE

JET AIRLINERS are commonplace and space ships are on the drawing board, but the little flying flivvers in the Tiger Moth tradition continue. Indeed they are going stronger than ever, and the latest versions bear about as much resemblance to the old open-cockpit light aircraft as an XK150 hardtop does to the original Austin 7 tourer. Unfortunately officialdom is not doing much to make private flying as easy as it is in America (where every rancher and oilman flies himself about his business) or on the Continent, and as it is seen to be in the picture report by Colin Sherborne of a long weekend in *The Tame Blue Yonder* (page 233 onwards). Tony Harling describes some of the difficulties and also some of the joys once you get airborne. . . . It seems hard to think of a nicer way to spend the summer than flying yourself around, but the musically-minded might plump for a season ticket to the Proms. Spike Hughes has some of his usual shrewd comments to make on the 66th season, now in progress, and Eric Auerbach went to the Royal Albert Hall to take the photographs for *The changed Proms* (page 247 onwards). . . . Another musical experience in London this month is provided by visits by the dancers from Haiti and from Mexico. See *Tropical Terpsichoreans* (page 260). . . .

That young novelist with a growing reputation, Andrew Sinclair, was in Los Angeles for last month's resounding Democratic Convention, and he records his impressions of *The American way of selection* (page 246). English readers may be surprised to find how he thinks American ballyhoo compares with the English system. . . . Fashion concerns itself this week with stones—the precious kind—*Lures for a Modern Magpie* (page 253 onwards) provides a glittering guide. . . . Also in this issue: Muriel Bowen reports the Royal garden party at Buckingham Palace and the Royal Society's Tercentenary celebrations at Guildhall

Next week: The Scottish Number. . . .

GOING PLACES



SOCIAL

Grouse shooting begins, 12 August.
National Riding Clubs' Dressage Championship, East Bornham Park, 15 August.
Newmarket Second August Meeting, 19, 20 August.
Edinburgh Festival, 21 August—10 September.
Olympic Games, Rome, 23 August—11 September.
Cirencester Polo Tournament, 24-28 August.
Junior Dinner-Dance, Hyde Park Hotel, in aid of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, 13 September. (Tickets: £2 2s. each, from the Joint-Chairmen, I.C.A.A. Dinner-Dance Committee, 4 Palace Gate, W.8.)

SPORT & SHOWS

Cricket: Sussex v. South Africans, Hove, to 12 August; Kent v. South Africans, Canterbury, 13, 15, 16 August; Cheltenham County Cricket Festival, 13-23 August; Fifth Test Match, England v. South Africa, the Oval, 18-23 August.
Golf: Eden Tournament, St. Andrew's, to 13 August.
Tennis: Scotland v. England, St. Andrew's, 12 August.
Sailing: Torbay Yachting Fortnight, 12-27 August; Falmouth Week, Poole Week, Bournemouth Regatta Week, Lowestoft Yachting Week, 15-20 August.
Polo: Cowdray Park, 1st Rounds, West Sussex Cup, 13 August; Brecknock Cup (final), Carven Cup, 14 August. Ham House, Meadowside v. Wilmer Cottage, Double Yews v. Ranworth, 14 August.
Brighton Horse Show, 11-13 August; Lavant Horse Show, near Chichester 18 August; Ponies of Britain Show, Peterborough, 19, 20 August.

MUSICAL

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. Short season, 15-27 August. First performances: *Les Sylphides*, *Pineapple Poll*, *Birthday Offering*, 15 August; *Sweeney Todd*, *Blood Wedding*, 16 August; *Solitaire*, 18 August; *Coppelia*, *Façade*, 19 August. 7.30 p.m., Saturday matinée, 2.15 p.m. (COV 1066.)
Festival Ballet, Royal Festival Hall. First performances: *Concerti*, *Vision of Marguerite*, today; *Napoli*, 12 August. 8 p.m., mats. Wed, Sat, 2.30 p.m. (WAT 3191.)

Promenade Concerts. Royal Albert Hall, to 17 September. Mon.-Sat. 7-30 p.m. (KEN 8212.)
Sadler's Wells Opera. *Merrie England*, 7.30 p.m., Sat. matinée, 2.30 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

ART

Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, Burlington House, Piccadilly, to 14 August.
Picasso (retrospective), Tate Gallery, to 18 September.
English Horse & Hound Painters, Pitt-Rivers Museum, Farnham, Blandford, Dorset, to 21 August.

EXHIBITIONS

Regency Exhibition, Royal Pavilion, Brighton, to September.
Boys & Girls Exhibition, Olympia, 16-27 August.

FILMS

National Film Theatre, South Bank. "Beat-Square-& Cool," off-beat films from independent U.S. studios, with a strong jazz angle. To 14 August.
Royal Festival Hall, Sunday films. *The Marriage of Figaro*, 6 p.m., *The Idiot*, 8.30 p.m. Separately bookable. To 11 September (ex. 21 August). (WAT 3191.)

FIRST NIGHTS

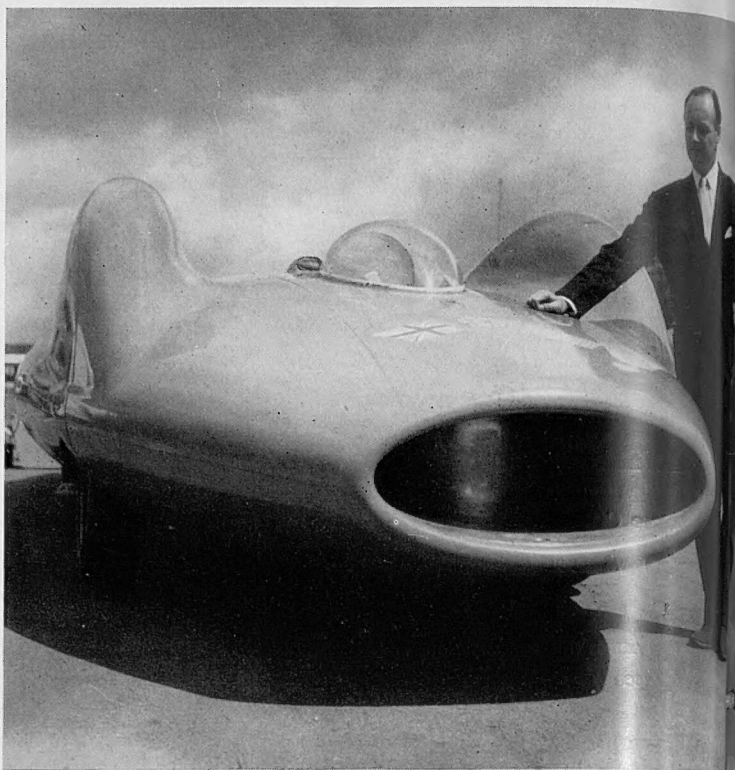
Piccadilly Theatre. *Ballets Africains*, 15 August.
Strand Theatre. *The Princess*, 23 August.
Queen's Theatre. *The Tiger & The Horse*, 24 August.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 262.
The Visit. "... display of brilliant acting virtuosity ... a sort of modern Medea ... demanding the life of a man who wronged her years ago." Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne. (Royalty Theatre, HOL 8004.)

FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 263.
The Apartment. "... O.K. by me ... though it did leave me with the impression that the American insurance executive is, ethicswise, the end." Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine, Fred MacMurray. (Leicester Square Theatre, WHI 5252.)



GOING PLACES FAST. World waterspeed record holder Donald Campbell rests a hand on the bulbous space-fictional body of Bluebird, the 4250-h.p. turbine-engined car in which he will make an attempt on the land speed record in Utah later this year. First outing was a low-speed (15 m.p.h.) trial at Goodwood



GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

C.S. = Closed Sundays
 W.B. = Wise to book

I expect four things of a Chinese restaurant. First-class fish and rice, good black bean sauce, absolute cleanliness and really good tea at the end of the meal. One of London's newest passes these tests with almost full marks.

Ding-How, Thurloe Street, South Kensington station block. (KEN 1835.) You can choose from a menu with over 100 items, or eat a set dinner at a reasonable price. Half-portion of the *à la carte* dishes are served and are adequate except for the very hungry. Unlike many Chinese restaurants, it is licensed. The green tea is excellent. Ventilation could be improved in the inner room, and the *maitre d'hotel* more in evidence. W.B.

The Columns, 2 Duke Street, Manchester Square. (WEL 1864.) C.S. Normally closed on Saturday evenings, but during August closed all day Saturday. It is over Layton's Wine Bar, a recognized centre of good drinking, and gives good value. As the wines come from downstairs they are first class. Mr. Cescutti specializes in a limited number of dishes, which include a good chicken casserole, duck properly cooked with orange, and a *Steak Chasseur*. You dine by candlelight. W.B.
La Speranza, 179 Old Brompton Road. (KEN 9437.) This restaurant is often full on Monday evenings,

a pointer to its popularity. By maintaining its standards over a long period, it has encouraged many regulars. The Italian wines including a white Valtellina are particularly well chosen. The *jambon de Parme* and the *osso-buco* are usually particularly good. W.B.

Kensington Palace Hotel. De Vere Gardens, W.8. (WES 8121.) In my private *prix d'honneur* for the Best Meal of 1960, one eaten in the grill room here is a strong challenger. It was *Scampis Provencale*, *Suprême de Bresse Princesse* with *Broccolis Mornay* and *Pommes Croquettes*, finishing with a *Soufflé au Fromage*. With it we drank a 1955 Berncastel Lilac Seal Moselle. The meal was produced at only 15 minutes notice!

Yorkshire traditional

White House Hotel Restaurant, Jameson Street, Hull. (TEL 16090.) If foreign travel, business or any other reason should take you to Hull, this restaurant provides a good meal in pleasant and comfortable surroundings. Grills are its speciality, including the now-hard-to-come-by traditional Yorkshire dish of a grilled gammon rasher topped with an egg. The wine list includes a good Beaujolais at a reasonable price. The bedrooms are comfortable and clean; the breakfast excellent. W.B. lunch.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

IN NO CAPITAL IN EUROPE ARE THE regulations governing the display of the female form more strict than in London. I have this from no less an authority than 30-year-old Paul Raymond, owner of the well-known Revuebar. And Raymond should know—he travels thousands of miles a year looking for new talent for the luxurious temple of strip tease he created in Brewer Street off Piccadilly. Raymond, in fact, claims to be the first to have discovered the loophole through the L.C.C. regulations whereby clubs can stage nude shows that are exempt both from local by-laws and the censure of Lord Chamberlain.

Typical of London has quietly accepted strip tease as part of the daily scene, and even invested it with a respectability which the art has achieved in practically no other country in the world. This in spite of the fact that London goes about six beads further in the degree of nudity allowed than even Paris, where the 2-string is still *de rigueur*. Neither in its original home Chicago nor in New York has strip tease risen much above public bar

straight acts, to the small *boîtes* where the performers hurriedly divest themselves of a few flimsy draperies before dashing round to do the same in the club next door. Most girls in the second category can perform in three or four different clubs each evening and earn themselves about £50 a week.

At the other end of the scale earnings are much higher, and a new record will probably be set when Raymond imports intriguingly-named Tempest Storm from America early next year. She is to receive £1,000 a week for three shows nightly with a total on-stage time each night of little over half an hour.

At some other clubs the shows are punctuated with sections of distinctly *un-bleu* 'cinema-bleu.' These are really a cross between the sort of nudist films now showing in London's public cinemas and a Laurel & Hardy burlesque of the custard pie variety, and are greeted with good natured hilarity by the audiences.

Officially membership to strip tease clubs is strictly controlled by the imposition of a 48-hour waiting period between application for membership and admittance. Only exceptions to the rule are bona fide overseas visitors who can show a passport to prove their status, and then only by arrangement between the club owner and the authorities. Unofficially most of the lower-rating clubs allow admission as "guests of the management" on payment of a membership fee which becomes effective at the next visit.

Audiences, too, vary as widely as the status of the clubs, but the backbone are the out-of-town businessmen in search of tales of derring-do with which to regale the boys back home, and that mysteriously anonymous body of Londoners who appear to have most afternoons free and the money to spend on a lonely quest for diversion. At most clubs food and drinks are available at prices roughly in inverse proportion to the facilities offered.

Of course many night clubs now are putting on shows which incorporate strip tease to a greater or less degree. Chief among them is the Gargoyle, but of the clubs devoted exclusively to the new vogue I would put at the top with Raymond's Revuebar the Casino de Paris and the smaller Geisha Theatre Club. After that it is more or less a case of you pays your money and you takes your choice.

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MR. PAUL RAYMOND has just taken over the Celebrity Restaurant, New Bond St., and will rename it Bal Tabarin

level, and in Paris and most of the other Continental capitals it is either furtive and underground or about as daring as a game of post-man's knock at the vicarage.

In London Dave Willis, owner of one of the newest strip clubs, The Revue, claims that strip tease is real family entertainment. "Why some nights I have more family parties here than anything else" he says. Raymond won't go so far as this but points out that he has about 10 per cent women on his 70,000 membership list. "Women business executives entertaining men clients and that sort of thing," he explains.

The shows themselves vary from lavish two-hour-long spectacles with strip highlighted between

Raising water with windmills in the eastern part of Majorca. Downing wine (below) on the quayside at Palma



J. ALLAN CASH

GOING PLACES ABROAD

Doone Beal

Stretching the season

ACCORDING to a recent survey of our holiday habits published by London Press Exchange, only one per cent of us took our holidays in October last year, as opposed to 35 per cent in August, 14 per cent in June and 4 per cent in May. Probing further, the survey brushes aside that old excuse about the school holidays being responsible for the August peak. Sheer habit has a good deal more to do with it, they suggest. Habit, and some commercial convention.

But perhaps you are an exception to the statistical rule, languishing unhappily in London's unfashionable August? If you find yourself compelled to join the one per cent, consider the enormous advantages: October, often that most golden of months, can still offer "resort" weather, lack of crowds, sea warmed by a whole summer's sun, and—often as not—a drop in prices.

What a time to see the Greek islands! The stony beauty of Hydra with its pellucid waters, sugar-loaf Myconos without the steamer trippers, Corfu in olive-laden peace. In Athens itself you can get it both ways by staying at the luxurious Astir Beach Hotel at Glyphada, on a glorious bay about 10 miles outside the city. Its private cabanas open directly on to the water and have a waiter service by telephone from the main hotel. The weather at this time is warm enough to swim and sunbathe, cool enough to sight-see in comfort.

Dubrovnik, one of the loveliest resorts in Europe, is at its most blue and golden in early autumn. The two best hotels outside the old city walls are the Argentina and the

Excelsior. Swimming in fathoms of dark jade water from the private rocks at the Argentina is a pleasure which has lodged in my sensual memory for a long time, and the city itself is undoubtedly better enjoyed without the crowds that seethe through its shoulder-span streets in midsummer.

I remember Elba, warm enough to swim, sometimes even in mid-November. Many of the big resort hotels close early in October but the Darsena, in Portoferraio, can be relied upon to be open. Although it is not on a beach, its bedroom balconies jut out over the masts in the harbour, which is nearly as good.

The official season for Majorca dwindles in mid-September, because this marks the end of the Spanish holiday season as well as the exit of the British. Again the autumn provides, so I am told, some of the best of all weather, and is the time that the local residents who so jealously guard the as yet inviolate parts of the island dare to come out and enjoy it again. As with Elba, you'll find some of the big hotels closed or closing, but the Hotel Formentor at Pollensa, for instance, stays open. B.E.A. maintains a four times a week service to Palma via Barcelona throughout the winter, at £46 18s. Iberia keep their £30 9s. mid-week night service until the end of October.

For those who prefer a late holiday, but like a busy resort life, Estoril reckons on a late season because of the excellent weather. Its resident international population alone guarantees its deliciously idle, social way of life.

To late sun-seekers, I must also

recommend the practical advantages of Gibraltar. The night mid-week fare of £30 10s. makes it the most southerly of bargains. Gibraltar has charm of its own, quite apart from the fiscal advantages of duty free shopping and drinking—in mood and pace it is almost 18th century. Recently an agreement has been reached with the Spanish authorities whereby visas are no longer required for crossing the frontier into Spain, and there is no limit either as to the number of times one may cross back and forth. Spain, therefore, is an uncomplicated half-hour ferry ride away, or an overland crossing at La Linea. Its south coast enjoys an Indian summer, and the best hotels such as the Reina Cristina at Algeciras and the Golf at Marbella remain open. Compared with the Costa del Sol, the coast west of Gibraltar to Cadiz is fairly unexplored. Tarifa, on the narrowest part of the Straits, is a delightful little white walled town of clambering houses, still Moorish in aspect. And this season of bronze bracken and yellow broom is one of the loveliest in which to explore the inland country of Jerez, Ronda and Granada.

Tangier is a 15-minute flight from Gibraltar, and has a season which extends virtually up to Christmas. One hopes that Moroccan legislation and a desire to clean up its endearing raffishness will not knock the spirit out of it. But so far it has kept a heady air of pure Arabia, and while Dean's Bar remains open and the Rif and Minzah maintain their standard of quite considerable luxury and glamour, Tangier is a city of high enjoyment potential.





Lewis—Vincent: Georgina, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Geoffrey Lewis, of Snitterfield Park, Warwickshire, married Michael, second son of Mr. & Mrs. Jack Vincent, of Waltham House Farm, near Grimsby, at St. James's, Snitterfield



Weddings



Ross—Redfern: Margaret Jane Houston, younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Archibald H. H. Ross, of The Dowry House, Ford, Midlothian, married O'Donnell Shuldham, only son of Sir Shuldham & Lady Redfern, of Sheffield Terrace, W.8, at the Queen's Chapel of the Savoy



Chalker—Lloyd Williamson: Antonia, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. H. J. Chalker, of Haywards Heath, Sussex, married Dr. Charles Lloyd Williamson, son of Mr. & Mrs. James Lloyd Williamson, of Hove, at All Saints, Lindfield

Ferguson — Brown : Rosamond Annis, elder daughter of Cdr. Derrick Ferguson, R.N., & Mrs. Ferguson, of Ashley Gardens, Westminster, S.W.1, married Charles Henry, younger son of Mr. & Mrs. Charles Henry Brown, of Lake Forest, Illinois, U.S.A., at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Engagements



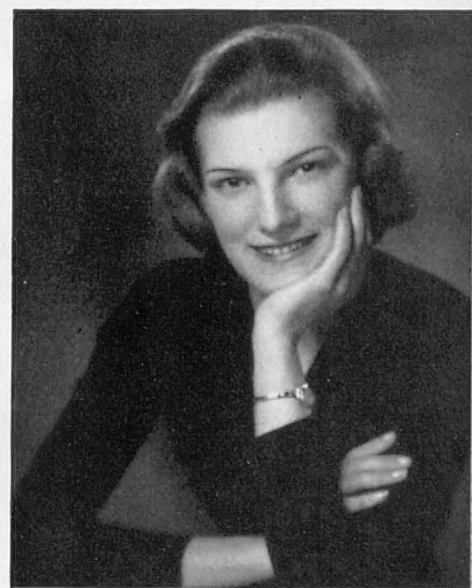
FAYER

Miss Helen Margaret Burgess to Mr. Michael Lock. She is the younger daughter of the late Mr. H. S. Burgess, and of Mrs. Burgess, of Beck Hall, Thornton-le-Dale, Yorkshire. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. J. M. Lock, of Much Hadham, Hertfordshire



LENARE

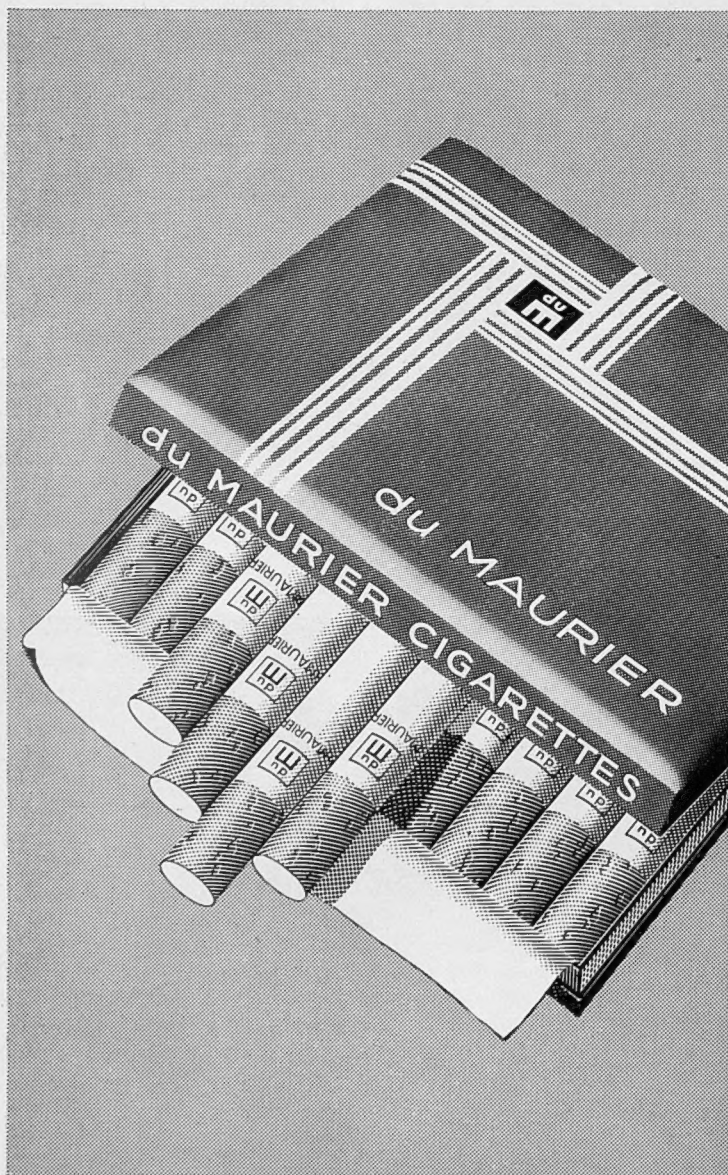
Miss Jane Hester Henderson to Mr. Clive Antony Kemp Fenn-Smith. She is the elder daughter of the Bishop of Bath & Wells and Mrs. Edward B. Henderson. He is the younger son of Mr. & Mrs. G. K. Fenn-Smith, of Bournemouth, Hampshire



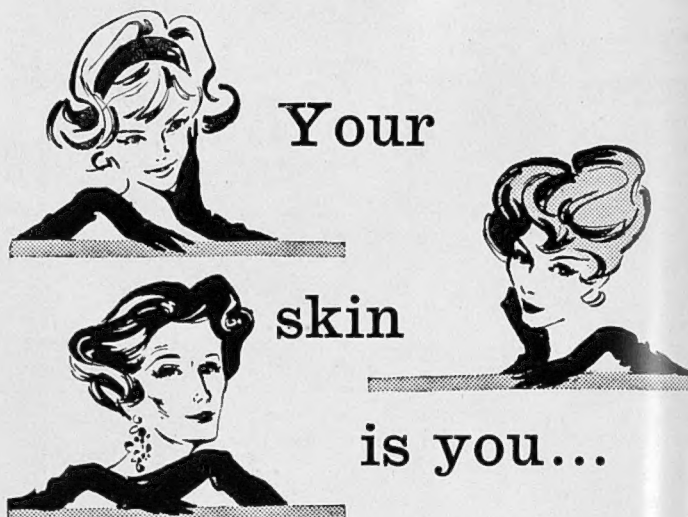
FAYER

Miss Angela Patricia Willis to Mr. John Staley Fox. She is the elder daughter of His Honour Judge & Mrs. R. B. Willis, of Smith Street, S.W.3. He is the eldest son of Mr. & Mrs. H. S. Fox, of Blundellsands, Liverpool

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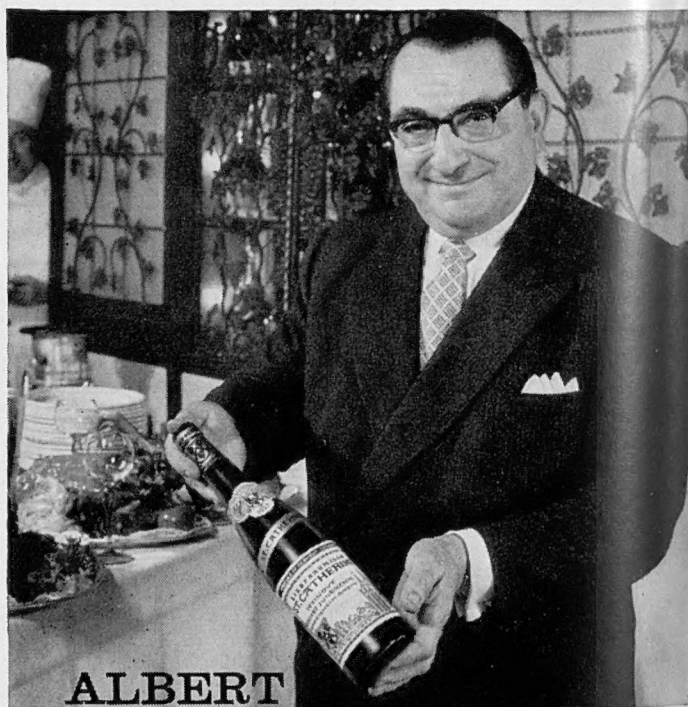
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233



Jodel D 140 Mousquetaire for flying that's more like driving a car. Tiger Moth (left) for devotees of wind-in-the-face flying. Still plenty left

THE TATLER & BYSTANDER

10 AUGUST 1960



THE PILOT Mr. W. V. Fitzmaurice. Under the Jodel's port wing: the cliffs of Dover



THE AIRCRAFT Oscar Victor Zulu over Deauville's Plage Fleurie. Landmarks: the racecourse, the white Casino building and the Hotel Normandie

THE TAME BLUE YONDER

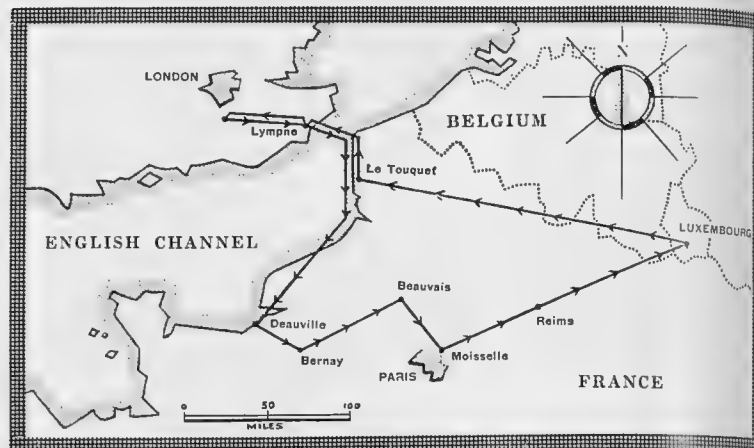
TONY HARLING *sets out to prove that private flying's not strictly for the birds though there are plenty of snares to watch out for.*

COLIN SHERBORNE *successfully avoided them all and brought back pictures of his weekend on the wing*

DO YOU REMEMBER ALL THAT FUSS ABOUT CROYDON AIRPORT CLOSING down last year? From the stormy protests the closure aroused it was fairly obvious that a number of people—mostly private pilots—felt bitterly about the Ministry of Aviation's decision to sell the land for building development. Unfortunately most people suffered one or two entirely sentimental twinges of regret at the closing of this once great airport, then swiftly forgot the whole affair. Which is a pity. Because, for the first time since flying became a popular pastime, Greater London is without a single airfield readily available to the private pilot.

Not that Croydon is the only airfield the Ministry have closed down. Since the war nearly 20 airfields available to private pilots have suffered the same fate, and a good many more may yet join them. It's hard to escape the conclusion that the Ministry has no time for private aviation—there's plenty of evidence to support the view. In the 30s Britain led the world in the manufacture and operation of private aircraft. Today there are fewer light aircraft on the British register than there were in 1949, and with less than 900 private planes in use, we compare poorly with France's 3,000 and not at all with the 65,000 now flying in the

THE AIRCRAFT *Jodel D140 Mousquetaire*
 4/5 seater low-wing monoplane, French-built.
Single engine (Lycoming) 180 h.p.
Fuel capacity 48 gals.
Baggage with 4 people 205 lb.
Take-off 210 yd.
Landing 185 yd.
Cruising speed 140 m.p.h.
Maximum speed 162 m.p.h.
Range 6 hrs., 800 miles
Price £4,500 basic
With all extras possible £6,101
Value of Oscar Victor Zulu £5,263
 U.K. AGENTS: Rollason Aircraft & Engines
 Ltd., Croydon Airport, Surrey



DEAUVILLE touch-down was 1 hour 15 minutes after leaving Lympne

THE TAME BLUE YONDER *continued*



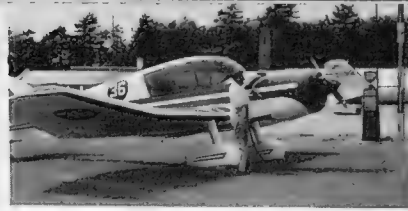
SALLE UNION (for medium budgets) at Deauville Casino. Off-duty crew

United States. The fact that Britain rates only seventh in world listings has never seemed to bother the Ministry of Aviation. Indeed, it was only after some pretty vigorous lobbying by the Royal Aero Club that they were persuaded to allow foreign aircraft to be imported into the United Kingdom. Since then very nearly 100 American aircraft have been sold here.

In a sense, the Ministry was hoist on its own windsock when it did this, because most of the imported aircraft were rapidly snapped-up by people who were not entirely interested in flying for pleasure. They were bought, in fact, by a new kind of pilot—a man who, while enjoying flying for much the same reasons as any other private pilot, planned to use his aircraft as an extension of his business. And to them, a good many of the rather pointless restrictions on private flying suddenly became insupportable.

Not that they weren't insupportable before the business-and-pleasure pilot came along. It was just that, as a group, pleasure pilots hadn't a very strong case to put to the Government. It was a different matter when business—big business, in a number of instances—got involved. So protests were heard. Strong representations were made. And the

FLIGHT PLAN Friday: lunch London, drive to Redhill, fill Mousquetaire with a mountain of luggage—two vast baggage compartments. Fly Lympne for Customs clearance—minimal formalities—take on duty-free fuel. Set course for France, fly down coast to Deauville. Check into Hotel Normandie, dine and play the tables at Casino. Midnight swim to cool off. Saturday fly to Bernay. Cook at the clubhouse is also the r/t operator, may tempt you to land for lunch (worth it). Beauvais next stop—for an encouraging met. report—then down N1 to Moisselle, land and take a taxi to Paris (half-hour run). Evening on the town but ready after Sunday lunch to fly to Rheims for the Grand Prix de l'A.C.F. (Jack Brabham won in a Cooper.) Tuning in to Luxembourg (airport beam, not commercial radio) fly over the Ardennes and touch down in time for dinner at the Hotel Kons. Stay night and fly home Monday, with the consolation of a last lunch at Le Touquet, before braving Lympne Customs. Nothing to declare, unless the Casino suffered. Further to the financial side the cost of this trip works out at an average twopence per seat mile, including allowances for maintenance and insurance on an estimated 300 hrs. per year



PETROL PUMP fills the Jodel's tank (as for motor cars) but you need a trolley when loading the luggage



Redhill	miles	hrs.
to Lympne	70	0.30
to Deauville	160	1.15
to Bernay	26	0.15
to Beauvais	74	0.35
to Moisselle	29	0.15
to Rheims	78	0.40
to Luxembourg	100	0.50
to Le Touquet	200	2.00
to Lympne	52	0.35
to Redhill	70	0.35
Total	859	7.30



Understudied patrons—photography is forbidden during actual sessions. Games are roulette (left), chemin de fer (centre), baccarat.



Midnight swim to round off

Government had to listen—almost for the first time since the war. With an attitude stiffened by the businessman-pilot, private aviation had a much stronger case, especially where restrictions on the use of major airports were concerned. Broadly speaking nearly all these, and a good many smaller ones, are forbidden to the private pilot who hasn't a radio on board. The radio-less business pilot with a customer to fly down from the Midlands, for example, doesn't like being told that he can't use the airport nearest to his customer's factory because BEA has a flight landing there three times a week.

If all this sounds like bureaucratic tyranny, it isn't—quite. Air safety regulations, which also govern the use of Britain's airfields, have to be stringent. They exist to safeguard the private pilot as much as the pilot of a commercial aircraft with 100 passengers on board. But they were not drawn up with the private pilot in mind, or if they were, it was by a committee that had never faced the interesting—and immediate—choice between a stiff fine for landing on a prohibited airfield, or alighting on someone's front lawn because you can't see your own airfield for fog. Then there's the Customs problem. Plan an air trip to France, let's

say, and you must clear Customs at an airfield with these facilities. Very few have them and you have to make, in most cases, a pretty big detour to reach one. The return flight from the Continent isn't made any easier by HM Customs and Excise, either. Their day ends promptly at six o'clock, and it's no good you thinking, up there in the empyrean, that they're going to wait for you. They won't, generally speaking. And the regulations forbid you to land at an un-Customed airfield. Work that one out. All may seem to underscore the Government's almost total lack of interest in private flying, but there are signs of better things to come. Under Mr. Duncan Sandys' ministry, a beginning was made to listen to the complaints of the private pilot with some apparent show of sympathy. And that's something one couldn't possibly have said of Mr. Watkinson, his predecessor in office. The policy of the new Minister, Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, remains to be seen.

To some extent, though, all these difficulties are more apparent than real. Private flying is beset with irritating official obstacles but none of them can prevent you from climbing into an aircraft one bright summer morning and flying as far away as your wings will take you. Provided

THE TAME BLUE YONDER *continued*



Parade of gendarmes raised a cheer from crowds at Rheims for the Grand Prix



PARIS for an overnight stop. Sightseeing outfit: coffee-coloured bloused dress, 17½ gns., matching hat with black glazed cotton band, 4½ gns., both from Bazaar, King's Road, Chelsea



RHEIMS for the Grand Prix de l'A.C.F. Enthusiast (inset) wears a black cotton blouse £3 15s., black cotton pants with

of course, you've complied with all the relevant regulations. Restrictions aside, flying is still fun. Enormous fun. Much more than you could possibly imagine, even though you've probably felt something of its special joys as an airline passenger. But there's all the difference in the world between trundling round the sky in a multi-engined omnibus, and flying your own small and marvellously responsive aircraft. At that sublime moment, "free as air" really begins to mean something to you.

How to start? Well, there are nearly 7,000 licensed private pilots in this country, and almost all of them learned to fly the same way—through an aero club. If you're thinking of learning too, then you might as well take a deep breath and accept the fact that it's going to cost at least £120. Let's break this figure down. To qualify for a private pilot's licence, you must take a minimum of 30 hours' dual and solo flying training—that's training in an aircraft. Some aircraft cost more to fly in than others; nearly £6 an hour at one end of the scale, and £4 at the other. Multiply the cost-per-hour by 30, and you'll see where that £120 comes from. Or £180 if you choose to learn in an expensive plane.



LUXEMBOURG skyline by night with the floodlit casemates and the spires of Notre-Dame. Navigation over the Ardennes was by radio beam



polka dots 4 gns., loosely-tied white leather belt 35s., also from Bazaar, Chelsea

In order to qualify for your PPL, you'll have to achieve a high standard of flying competence—the whole object of the course being to see that you learn to fly *before* rather than *after* you get your licence. The PPL course isn't difficult, anyone with enough skill to drive a car and reasonable health can qualify. There's a lot to be said, incidentally, for taking your 30 hours' instruction within six months. If you don't do this, the Ministry of Aviation says you must take a further 10 hours' instruction—which puts up costs quite a lot. Of course, you can learn to fly—literally—on hire-purchase. A number of aero clubs can arrange this for you, and all you have to do is make a down payment of 20 per cent, and pay the balance over two years. Normally, the practice at most aero clubs is for the pupil to pay for each period of instruction at the time it is taken. But since most pupils pay for their lessons out of income, the hire-purchase scheme seems to be sensible.

Once armed with a PPL, getting the use of an aircraft isn't difficult. The aero club that taught you will almost certainly hire one out to you, at much the same cost-per-hour as your lessons. Plainly this sort of flying isn't cheap, and it's very much more sensible to think about buy-



Bar and restaurant at Luxembourg's Hotel Kons. Airport facilities are good and formalities few



Tented mural in the lounge of the Hotel Kons

ing an aircraft of your own. If you haven't much money to spend, there are ways of doing this which aren't too painful. You could, for instance, buy a second-hand aircraft—it's quite common to find a two-seater open-cockpit model being offered at little more than £300. For a number of excellent reasons, second-hand aircraft are not like second-hand cars. With aircraft you always know what you're buying. In order to fly at all, an aircraft must have a Certificate of Airworthiness, renewable every three years, and granted by the Ministry of Aviation against compliance with its own fixed and sensible maintenance standards. So if you're offered an aircraft with a 1960 C of A, you can be reasonably certain that it's good for a full three years' trouble-free flying. The Certificate of Airworthiness covers every part of the machine, so though an aircraft may be old—very old, possibly—a current C of A guarantees the fact that it's mechanically sound.

A new aircraft is a much more expensive proposition. Prices vary enormously, but the cheapest one is likely to have a price tag well over the £1,000 mark. Obviously, not many people can afford sums like these, and there's a growing trend towards group-ownership in which a

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SPOTTER'S GUIDE TO PRICES

TURBULENT owned by the Duke of Edinburgh—his equerry won the 1960 King's Cup Air Race in it. Builders are Rollason Aircraft & Engines Ltd. and the price is £945 with a 30-h.p. Ardem engine (an extra 10 h.p. adds £95 to the cost). Speed is 85 m.p.h.

Like all the *Turbulents*, this one has a plaque in the cockpit—"All aircraft bite fools"

THE TAME BLUE YONDER *concluded*

number of people share the aircraft and all its attendant costs. It's a highly workable system and, here again, it's quite easy to hire-purchase an aircraft, whether new or second-hand. The rates are exactly the same as for any other hire-purchase transaction. Supporters of the group ownership scheme are bodies like the Popular Flying Association who encourage the use of ultra-light aircraft. Virtues of membership include the availability of duty-free petrol and flying can cost as little as £1 an hour.

As far as operation costs are concerned—that's how much it costs to keep flying—these obviously vary from aircraft to aircraft. Normally, a small aeroplane won't cost any more to service than your car. Though, unlike a car, an aeroplane must stay under cover when it's not being used. This might cost about £1 a week. Most light aircraft are surprisingly easy on petrol. Average fuel consumption runs from 20 to 30 miles a gallon, and never a drop wasted sitting around in traffic jams. Petrol won't cost any less when flying inside Britain, but once abroad, it becomes duty-free and two shillings is lopped off every gallon.

Most private pilots seem to be addicted to the rather gloomy habit of adding-up all the costs connected with their aircraft—hire-purchase, insurance, hangarage, maintenance, fuel costs—then dividing it by the number of hours they actually fly. On that basis the pilot who spends £400 a year on his aeroplane, and flies it for 100 hours during the same period, knows—if it's any consolation—that he's paying out £4 for every hour he flies. Having worked this out, he's very likely to want to go on and find out how much it's cost him for every mile flown. His plane cruises at 100 miles per hour, and he's flown a 100 hours, so that's 10,000 miles—which means that it costs him roughly 10d. a mile, or, if his plane carries four people. 2½d. per seat mile. Probably the most realistic attitude towards all this is that if your aircraft does 30 to the gallon, you can fly to Paris and back on duty-free petrol for less than £2. Who needs to know more?

£375-£900

TIGER MOTH (de Havilland) second-hand but with a current C. of A. certificate guaranteeing another three years' flying life, price around the £350 mark. Available, like all the other aircraft listed below, through W.S. Shackleton Ltd., 175 Piccadilly



£2,000-£2,250

PRENTICE powered by a 250-h.p. *Gypsy Queen*. Four-seater costs £2,000, the six-seater another £50 and there's a seven-seater for £2,250. Compare it with the Jodel DR1050 *Ambassadeur* (similar to the *Mosquetaire* on the preceding pages but only seating three) at a basic £2,920



THE AEROPLANE

£4,500

CESSNA 172 all-metal, American-built with a 145-h.p. engine, has proved its reliability by staying aloft for 65 days, refuelling in the air. Like all the *Cessna* range the 172 is attractively styled and can be fitted with floats for water. Carries four people 500 miles at 140 m.p.h.



£7,805-£9,500

PIPER COMANCHE all-metal, American. The aircraft (left) has a 250-h.p. engine and cruises at 180 m.p.h. Its 180-h.p. lower-priced companion is 21 m.p.h. slower. Both are four-seaters. The aircraft are selling well in America and McVitie & Price use one for executive flights over here



£26,750

CESSNA 310D twin-engined, American-built. 260-h.p. thrusts give a speed of 240 m.p.h., range of 1,500 miles. Seats five with soundproofing in the cabin to allow normal voice level. An aircraft for executives—the brochure says "leave your competitors behind." John Brown Ltd. use one here



£40,635 (Still interested?)

PIAGGIO P166 has the look of the fine Italian hand that designed it. The Earl of Derby owns one and finds cabin space for five friends. Cruising at 185 m.p.h., with twin 340 h.p. engines, it can put quite a distance between the Earl and the Duke of Edinburgh (see *Turbulent*)



MURIEL BOWEN: *tea and tercentenary*



THE sun shone for the third of the Queen's Garden Parties, bringing out the pastel dresses and the floral hats. There was a stiff breeze though, and the two bands, Grenadier Guards and Royal Army Service Corps, found an ingenious way of turning it to their advantage. Pennants were flown from both bandstands and as a band finished playing, its pennant was dipped as a signal for the other to start up. As usual, members of the Royal Family set up as they came on to the lawns, all except Princess Margaret and Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones who remained together. Many guests were seeing the young Duke of Kent for the first time. He had come from Germany, where his regiment is stationed, to take an official part in the visit of the King & Queen of Thailand.

The Queen & Prince Philip had, as usual, a number of people to tea in the royal tea tent. The new Foreign Secretary, the Earl of Home & the Countess of Home joined them, also Sir Anthony & Lady Eden who had motored up from the country just for the day, the Archbishop of York the Most Rev. A. M. Ramsey & Mrs. Ramsey, and the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Kilmer & Viscountess Kilmer, who are off next week to the United States and

Canada to attend a number of legal conventions.

As it was so bright and sunny many of the guests sat outside the tea tent—it was amusing, by the way, to see how the old Palace guests dived for the tea straight away! But most people preferred to stroll round the gardens. The two tennis courts, one ready for play with its net taut, seemed to be of special interest. Probably because Princess Anne is now keen on the game and takes lessons from All-England coach, Dan Maskell.

Countess Bathurst, in white picture hat and blue dress with a spot, was one of the smartest of the guests. Others I noticed were, Lord Wakehurst, Governor of Northern Ireland & Lady Wakehurst, Air Chief Marshal Sir Ronald Ivelaw-Chapman (who introduced several members of the wartime French Resistance movement to the Queen), Lord & Lady Evans, Major F. A. Childs—one of the leading spirits of the South African War Veterans Association, and Mr. George Drew, Canadian High Commissioner, with his wife.

The traffic chaos of the two earlier garden parties was greatly reduced by having cars discharge passengers in the forecourt of the Palace instead of at the front door. Some guests were wiser still. I saw Sir Fergus &

Lady Graham alight from their car at the back gate to the gardens at Lower Grosvenor Place, where there was no queue at all.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY CELEBRATES

A flush of excitement for the scientists when the Royal Society had its 300th birthday. A jostle of learned discussions and eight days of party-going followed the opening of the celebrations by the Queen at the Royal Albert Hall. The Royal Society stands for British science throughout the world, and British science in the widest sense, so, naturally, learned men came from just about everywhere. And compliments buzzed as freely as mosquitoes in the tropics. Even the Russians, shrugging present tensions, smiled broadly. But then the Royal Society has always managed to bridge the moats in international relations. Recalled the Prime Minister, "Even Benjamin Franklin, although on the revolutionary side in the American War of Independence, did not allow it to affect his cordial relationship with the Society." Mr. Macmillan was speaking at the celebration banquet at Grosvenor House. Lord Adrian was there, also Sir Harry Hylton-Foster, M.P., & the Hon. Lady Hylton-Foster,

CONTINUED OVERLEAF

BRIGGS by Graham





Professor & Mrs. L. J. Wits. Below: Dr. H. W. Thompson, member of the Council of the Royal Society and organizer of the visit, with Sir John & Lady Russell



Dr. A. L. Goodhart, Q.C., Master of University College, greets Dr. & Mrs. G. Ganguly from India. The visitors were luncheon guests at various colleges



Sir Maurice Bowra, Warden of Wadham, welcomes Dr. & Mrs. Henry Allen Moe—President of the sister society in America, the American Philosophical Society



MURIEL BOWEN continued

the Netherlands Ambassador **Baron Adolph Bentinck, Viscount & Viscountess Hailsham** and **Sir William & Lady Penney**.

Science and pageantry got together when the Lord Mayor, **Sir Edmund Stockdale** & the **Hon. Lady Stockdale** received guests at the Guildhall. The members of the Common Council were there in their blue robes and the Pikemen in their coats of armour. "All these celebrations are so strenuous that I'm beginning to feel as old as the Society," quipped **Sir Robert Watson-Watt**. The New York State police had a great coup a little while ago when they discovered Sir Robert speeding—and all by means of a radar device! He and his second wife now live in the country outside New York. Party-goers that night at either the Guildhall or the Mercers Hall (where the Twelve Great City Companies were hosts) included: **Sir Lindor & Lady Brown**, **Sir William & Lady Hodge**, **Professor Alfred Lovell** of Jodrell Bank fame, and **Dr. H. W. Thompson**.

LOVELY NEW POISONS

Science nowadays covers so many things. I thought the Society's bachelor President, **Sir Cyril Hinshelwood** summed it up neatly, by drawing an analogy with *The Tempest*. He spoke of the "curious perversity by which the sciences now seem to be engaged in arts as strange as those of Prospero. . . ." Indeed at the Burlington House exhibition, so highly

praised by Prince Philip, the themes gathered together by **Sir Lawrence Bragg** represented such seemingly odd bedfellows as calculating machines and the biochemical aspects of plant growth. Where is science taking us across the next 40 years; I wondered, so I put the question to 70-year-old Sir Lawrence himself. The words tumbled from him like a waterfall.

"There's a lovely new line in selective poison, a spray that won't harm your peas and beans, but kills off thistles and weeds. . . . Your television is going to be more exciting—radar plus the satellite will bring you something much better than TV stations can do. . . . And the whole biological story is going to be so full of new things. . . ."

Sir Lawrence's enthusiasm is almost enough to make me sit down and try and understand it all.

CONSERVATION IS TOPS

Somehow I think the scientists and the members of the English-Speaking Union who came over from Texas, Louisiana, and Oklahoma on a Friendship Flight should have got together. I'm sure **Mrs. J. Walter Canada**, vivacious past president of the Garden Clubs of America, and **Sir Lawrence Bragg** would have got along famously. "Your gardening here in England is just fabulous, and Scotland is very good too," she confided when I met her at a cocktail party given for the visitors by

the English-Speaking Union at Dartmouth House. "It's your scientific approach," Mrs. Canada went on. "Whatever way you take your conservation it's simply tops. Prince Philip, we hear in America, is a great one for conservation." After that I hardly liked to confess my own ignorance of soil science. However, I wasn't done with it yet for **Mrs. William B. Spencer** talked to me about gardening in Texas and she, too, made a point of saying that the Texans are way behind us in this conservation business. "People think that because one lives in Texas one has a gardener," she said, "but we women gardeners get right down to the fingerwork ourselves." Her definition of an American clubwoman was: "A middle-aged woman with a floral hat." Judging by the profusion of floral bonnets which had converged on Dartmouth House a more apt description of the gathering might have been: A Clubwomen's Friendship Flight. There are now nine of these English-Speaking Union flights annually. Two from Britain, seven from the United States and Canada. At £85 return it's no surprise that their numbers go up each year.

GUESTS AT THE HOUSE

Another group of Americans were also guests of the English-Speaking Union last week at a tea party at the House of Commons. Host and

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WITS AND SAVANTS COME AWAY

The Warden of Wadham, Sir Maurice Bowra, welcomed Fellows of the Royal Society to a Garden Party in the grounds of the Oxford College where the 17th-century founding fathers held their first meetings



Miss Faith Bristow, Miss Daphne Church and Miss Sylvia Hinkes who came from London for the party

The University conferred the degree of honorary Doctor of Science on Dr. A. N. Richards (University of Pennsylvania). Here the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Boase, leads the departure from the Sheldonian Theatre, followed by Prof. Cjvind Winge (Carlsberg), Prof. E. W. R. Steacie (Canada), Prof. Felix Bloch (U.S.A.), and Prof. Nikolai Semenov (Moscow)



Mr. Peter Price and his bride leave the reception under an arch of whips of the Hampshire Hunt



The groom's mother, Mrs. John Woodman, and the bride's mother, Lady Chesham, with her son, the Hon. John Cavendish who was the page

WEDDING AT WINCHESTER



Countess Bathurst, Mrs. John Hodgson and her bridesmaid daughter, Miss Jill Barbezat, a niece of Lady Chesham. Below: The Hon. John Cavendish helped give his sister a good send off



Mr. Anthony Thompson with Miss Penny and Miss Patricia Wagner, sisters of his fiancée, Miss Diana Wagner, one of the bridesmaids



MURIEL BOWEN *concluded*

hostess for the occasion were Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas, M.P., & Mrs. de Freitas—she's an American herself. Helping them with the entertaining were Mrs. Edward Norman-Butler, Miss Pat Hornsby-Smith, M.P., Lady Gore-Booth, and Mrs. Pandit, the Indian High Commissioner. Mr. Jim Griffiths, M.P., met an American who could wax almost as eloquent as he can himself—and in Welsh at that. Otherwise, though, nearly all the guests were women. "It's the women in America who mostly do the travelling, and accept invitations to teas," explained Mrs. de Freitas.

TRANSPORT & THE CHESHAMS

Two smart weddings on Saturday afternoon were almost more than Winchester could take. First there was the zig-zag through the vegetable carts on the streets to find a parking spot, then, having found one, the disconcerting feeling as car loads of people in wedding finery steam along in the direction from which you have come. The Hon. Joanna Cavendish, daughter of Lord & Lady Chesham, was marrying Mr. Peter Price, son of the late Comdr. Maurice Price, R.N., & of Mrs. John Woodman, at Winchester Cathedral. At St. Peter's, at precisely the same time, Count Charles de Salis was marrying Miss Carolyn Constable Maxwell.

After getting back to Brockwood Park for the wedding reception (*pictures alongside*), Lord Chesham cast an eye over the guests. "We don't seem to have any of theirs, and I hope they're missing none," he said. Certainly Mrs. Bertram Abel Smith, Sir Alwyne & Lady Pelly, Mrs. Violet Kingscote, Viscount & Viscountess Curzon, and Miss Marye Pole-Carew had all found their way. So, too, had Admiral the Hon. Sir Herbert & Lady Meade-Fetherstonhaugh, Miss Caroline Hutchinson, Mr. & Mrs. Peter Delmé-Radcliffe, Dr. & Mrs. Bernard Rose, and Major & Mrs. A. G. G. Marshall. I think Mr. Ernest Marples, M.P., who is Lord Chesham's boss at the Ministry of Transport, would have given his approval to the transport arrangements—the work of the Chesham family *en masse*. No cluttering up of the entrance, an arrow pointing to the car park at the widest point of the approach road—and leaving nothing to chance, transport arrangements, in quadruplicate, on a marble table in the hall.

Mr. Price and his bride received their guests in the ballroom. "We're going to farm" the bride told me. "Without a conference I suppose it's safest for me to say, mixed farming." For many of the Cheshams' friends it was the first opportunity of seeing Brockwood Park which they moved into about three years ago. Lady Chesham has furnished it with the most exquisite taste. The wedding presents were laid out in the dining-room, their down-to-earth practicality contrasting amusingly with the family gold plate on the dining-table and sideboard. Certainly the Hon. Mrs. Price will never have to worry over the laundry deadline. Her friends have given her three electric irons.



Left: Miss Diana Stoneham who makes advertising films, with Mr. John Hemingway, a Bow Group member for some years. Below: Miss Jennifer Adams who came from Jamaica to work in London about a year ago, took a turn at the maracas with the West Indian Band which played for the Bow Group's summer ball, at Hurlingham



THE BOW GROUP

has itself a ball



Mr. N. Crichton-Miller—former President Camb. Union—with Miss C. Hensman who is in the F.O.



Miss Vanessa Shattock, just back from six months in Majorca, with Mr. Nigel Seligman



Miss Shirley Muir with Oxford undergraduate Mr. Nicholas Brown. Miss Muir is an impresario



Miss Caroline King and Mr. Murray Stewart from Scotland where he is an executive in a commercial college



Mrs. Norman Gwynn & Sir Foster Robinson



Mrs. C. D. Leigh-Hunt & Major Cyril Dennis



Mrs. T. C. Dundas & Colonel Giles Loder



Mr. & Mrs. Leonard Carver

GOODWOOD AGAIN

But with a difference this year. Extra police mingled with the racegoers and stable lads with shot guns guarded the horses against doping attempts. And there were shocks for punters when favourites St. Paddy (the Derby winner) and Sing Sing both failed



Mr. Edward Holland-Martin and his sister-in-law, Lady Anne Holland-Martin





Marshal of the R... Lord Newall & Lady Newall



Mrs. Ryder Chamberlin with Mr. & Mrs. H. Oldham



Andrew Sinclair describes

THE Democratic Convention which I attended this year began four years ago, at the close of the last. A national committee and chairman were appointed to organize the next bonanza, brouhaha, beanfeast and ballyhoo. They chose as their site Los Angeles, known as the city of the thousand messiahs, or else 19 suburbs in search of a metropolis. They made arrangements to receive 4,500 delegates and alternates, nearly 6,000 newsmen, and tens of thousands of organizers, lobbyists, seekers after jobs and limelight, men of God and men of little faith (especially in democracy). These hordes were allocated rooms, buses, seats in the Memorial Sports Arena, and small bottles of *Murine* to clean away the local smog from their eyes. For a week and a half there was a time of mud, sweat, spoils and fears. Finally came the election of Senator John Fitzgerald Kennedy of Massachusetts as next Democratic candidate for President, and Senator Lyndon Baines Johnson as his Vice-President.

The candidates for President try to win over a majority of votes from the delegates of each state in the months before the convention. Their agents rush about from Arkansas to Idaho, from Vermont to Oregon, promising the local bosses and governors' cabinet posts, government jobs, and every flavour of political grease and gravy. The bosses and the governors usually sit tight until the last week before the convention, when they can spot the winner and sell their support at the highest price.

The real choice of the next Presidential candidate is made at the hotel picked out as the party headquarters. The Democrats selected the Biltmore in Los Angeles, the largest hotel in the West, with its three great brick chimneys jutting out into the green and tropical beard of Pershing Square—where lost causes and lunatics speak out in this American Hyde Park on the Pacific. Inside the hotel, Kennedy was allocated the ballroom, Johnson and Symington the lounges, while Stevenson was pushed into a pokey backroom to remind him that he was a twice-defeated candidate. Above in the smog-filled bedrooms, plots and promises, snares and stratagems were worked out to entrap the 761 votes needed for nomination.

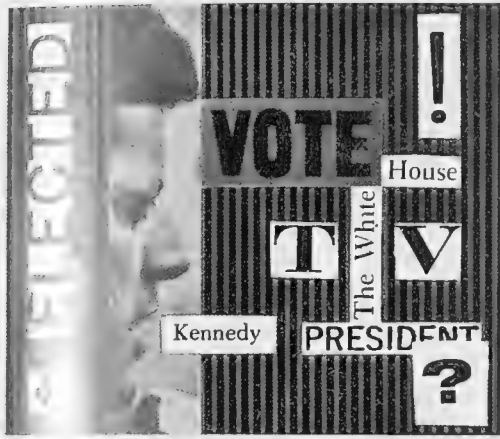
The Kennedy forces, some 300 active workers, were all over the Biltmore, swarming like fleas in a carefully-trained circus. They badgered delegates, buttonholed state dignitaries, cajoled leaders, promised the same post to five different people in the hopes that they would not meet. The corridors, elevators, lavatories,



KARSH OF OTTAWA

MRS. "JACKIE" KENNEDY, at 30, will be America's youngest ever First Lady if her husband defeats the Republican candidate, Vice-President Richard Nixon, at the polls in November. The same month—it could be on Election Day—will see the birth of the Kennedys' new baby. They already have a daughter, 2½-year-old Caroline. Mrs. Kennedy takes little part in her husband's campaigning ("I'd drop like a fly if I tried to keep up with Jack") though she did accompany him on his tumultuous travels during the Democratic Primaries. But she is an experienced hostess—a useful adjunct to life in the presidential mansion. The Kennedys have three homes, one in Washington's fashionable Georgetown district, a flat in Boston and a country house at Cape Cod, Massachusetts

THE AMERICAN WAY OF SELECTION



lobbies were jammed with the thousands fighting to get somewhere interesting, only they didn't know where. Pretty girls stuck buttons saying KENNEDY, JOHNSON, SYMINGTON, STEVENSON, MEYNER, FAUBUS and MALCOLM (a talking fish) for President into every lapel in sight, until even schizophrenics screamed to find themselves pledged to seven candidates at once. Literature extolling the virtues of the host of "next Presidents" cluttered the air like confetti, while an infinity of palms dripped good-will in the endless handshakes of welcoming operators.

The din at the Biltmore smashed eardrums and smothered sense. Brass bands blew, loudspeakers yelled, rumours niggled, candidates claimed and counter-claimed. On Saturday, Kennedy said he had 550 votes, on Sunday 650, on Monday well over the necessary 761. By Tuesday, with the voting set for Wednesday, the rumours back-fired. Kennedy had reached the crest of his wave. He would never make it. He was slipping. Smears flew about like bats: Kennedy had Addison's disease . . . he was about to be cited in a divorce case by a British actor . . . he would receive the Pope in Washington. Yet only one name ticked the pulse of the hotel that ticked the thousand-thousand pulses milling through. *Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy*. Jump on the bandwagon while there is still time. No jobs for the boys who don't join now. *Kennedy, Kennedy, Kennedy*, louder than the whispers of gold in Midas's ears.

Yet the chief feeling at the convention was not the lure of hope, but of fear. Two fears were general: the fear of losing the election and the fear of Communism. Kennedy is a Roman Catholic and a baby 43 years old; many fear that the Protestant voters will reject him at the November election, masking their religious bigotry by saying that he is too young for the White House. Again, fear of Communism

forced all the candidates into belligerent yodels, with the Texan Johnson leading the chorus in breathing fire and sword against Castro and Khrushchev. Only the platform of the Democrats, a moving document called *The Rights of Man*, gave hope of a strong and reasonable leadership of the western world if the Democrats win the election.

The actual ceremonies and voting for President took place at the Memorial Sports Arena, which looks from the outside like a gigantic blue tiddleywink set up on crutches. Inside the vast bowl there was a seething mixture for five days of ceremony and circus, prayer-meeting and picnic. Priests of every faith from rabbi to Mormon elder opened and closed the sessions with exhortation. Delegates frequently swore loyalty to the 50-foot long American flag, their faithful right hands clutching their left nipples in devotion. Shoddy Hollywood stars appeared in droves to sing the National Anthem over nation-wide television. The nomination of each candidate loosed a deluge of horns, balloons, placards, steamwhistles, *papier-mâché* heads and processions stomping down the choc-a-bloc aisles—anywhere else, a riot squad would have been called out to put down a supposed revolution.

Fulsome oratory thudded on the ears of the delegates like pats of wet butter. A constant chatter of newsmen collecting news and operators operating filled the microphones and nearly drowned the speakers. Often it was impossible to see the convention for the television cameras.

Yet, in all this mayhem, there was a feeling of participation. Everyone present, or watching the screens throughout the nation, felt that he too was helping to elect a man who might be President. All the vulgarity and bezaz in the world could not disguise the fact that this process of electing a party leader was more democratic than the Russian method of leadership by liquidation or the English one of leadership by Queen's command to form a government. There were two periods of huge emotion at the convention, both demonstrations on behalf of Adlai Stevenson, which might have led to his nomination by popular acclamation if Kennedy had not been elected on the first ballot. But the young senator from Massachusetts rode through to victory on the first roll-call, before his supporters deserted him to avoid a deadlock and a possible loser. Richard Nixon, who also won on the first ballot at the Republican Convention in Chicago two weeks after the Democrats' jamboree,

made sure that the delegates would not do a surprise bolt to the magic banner of Nelson Rockefeller by closing a deal with him before the shouting started.

This is what gives the conventions their excitement, the possibility of a sudden mob acclamation of a new leader by the delegates, who may suddenly refuse to obey their party and state leaders. William Jennings Bryan, until then hardly known, was nominated by the Democrats for President in 1896 with a wild outcry following his famous speech ending: "You shall not crucify mankind upon a cross of gold." And certainly, the system of selecting Presidents by convention has not produced any worse Presidents in the 20th century than our system has produced Prime Ministers.

Frankly, the convention system is more fun for everyone, as long as it does not exhaust the candidates to the point of death. Adlai Stevenson, nearly suffocated by his supporters, said wryly over the microphones that he knew whom the Democrats would select—it would be the last survivor. And, indeed, in this hurly-burly, it is the toughest, fittest, youngest candidate who may well survive, as Jack Kennedy has.

It would take a complacent Englishman or a professional cynic as bitter as H. L. Mencken to write, as he did in 1932, that "the whole thing is simply an elaborate scheme for wasting money and time . . . the proceedings are dragged on for long days and nights simply and solely to give a gang of mountebanks a chance to posture and perform. Not one man out of 40 who addresses a national convention has anything worth hearing to say, and not one in 20 is worth seeing and meeting for any other reason." In fact, I saw and heard more men saying more worthwhile things at Los Angeles than I have ever heard in five days of a parliament or 50 nights at the movies.





The changed PROMS *by Spike Hughes*



LET US BE HONEST AND ADMIT THAT THE HENRY WOOD PROMENADE Concerts are not what they used to be. It would be even more honest to admit that they never have been, and have never meant to have been, what they used to be since the second concert succeeded the first in 1895. Sixty-five years is not a long time in the musical history of any country, but it does mean that only those well over 70 can remember clearly when there were no Proms in a London summer. It is a comforting and impressive thought.

It is easy, if you have never been to the Proms, to regard the whole thing as just another series of concerts—six nights a week for eight weeks—during which 11 conductors, 12 choirs, 4 orchestras, 48 vocalists and 49 instrumentalists will this year plough through a repertoire of 42 symphonies, 41 concertos, 39 overtures, 86 miscellaneous orchestral pieces, 6 large scale and 39 assorted vocal and choral works. Easy—until you realize that the rest of the musical year in London put together doesn't begin to approach a repertoire of this size. Simple statistics like these make the Proms something without equal anywhere in the world. True, in Boston, Mass., there are Proms for a couple of months in the



es, with photographs by Erich Auerbach

ATTENTION is focused on the baton of Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting The Mastersingers on opening night. Appreciation (below) is shaded with an affectionate derision expressed in the placards carried by young Promenaders. Scenes will be wilder on closing night when it is usually the fate of the conductor to be bombarded with streamers during the Henry Wood arrangement of sea songs that traditionally ends the Promenade season

year when the audience can sit at tables and drink and smoke. But all Boston gets are programmes of "selections" and isolated movements from symphonies which would not have been considered an evening's money's-worth even in the earliest days of the Proms at Queen's Hall when Henry Wood first began the wearisome business of educating the English and stimulating their musical taste.

Of course the Proms are "educational" but the listener is not aware of being educated, and he can choose just how much of the curriculum he wants to take. This rare and important delight of being able to choose is what yet another—the third—generation of Prom-goers is growing up to enjoy. The Proms are not literally "promenade" concerts—you are expected to stand still in the arena and the gallery (and refrain from striking matches while the band is playing). But you do have the inestimable privilege of being able to come and go when you like—even during the music if you are clever and quiet about it and have taken the precaution to station yourself near an exit. It is the joy of being able to drop in at the Albert Hall, and to drop out into one of the bars when you're bored, that is the true fascination and value of the Proms.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



The changed PROMS continued

SOLOIST *Amy Shuard*, with bouquet, acknowledges her ovation after singing *In questa reggia* from *Turandot* on the season's opening night



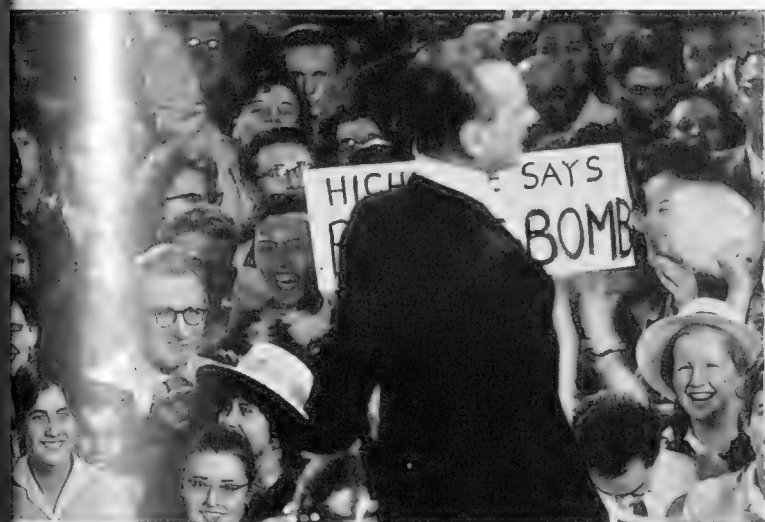
Perhaps it is typically English—like cricket, where you are not fettered to your seat (if you have any sense) but can go into the Tavern at Lord's when you're tired of standing outside it and turn your back on the whole thing.

Mind you, the endurance test for standees at the Albert Hall is gradually getting tougher with the years. In the old days Beethoven's Ninth Symphony (fully choral, of course) was about the longest single item the Promenader had to stand through. This year he will have, in addition, Beethoven's Mass in D, Haydn's *Creation*, Berlioz' *Grande Messe des Morts*, the Verdi *Requiem*, Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* and Mahler's *Song of the Earth* to try his feet and his devotion to music. Haydn's *Creation* sets a new kind of record altogether which is typical of the consistently progressing and changing nature of the Proms. It is the only work in the history of the concerts to fill a whole programme. Even an evening devoted entirely to the music of one composer is pretty rare, for what are labelled "Beethoven" or "Brahms" or "Tchaikovsky" nights usually end up with contributions by other composers in the second half. The one exception to this is the Saturday night this

month, when there will be an all-Gilbert & Sullivan programme.

One of the most notable differences between the modern Proms and those of a generation ago is the absence—with the exception of Beethoven—of the regular weekly night for a particular composer. In the 1920s and 30s Mondays were always Wagner nights, Wednesdays were Bach and Fridays Beethoven. Friday nights are still Beethoven nights, indeed such is the composer's present popularity that this year he overflows into a Beethoven-Mahler night as well. The nine symphonies are all being played as usual (one of them twice, for some reason), and altogether there is more Beethoven to be heard in the 1960 Proms than ever before.

The weekly Wagner and Bach nights, however, seem to have disappeared for good; neither composer is as fashionable as in the 1920s when the Bach revival had to be heard to be believed, and the Queen's Hall platform shook to the rattle of piano concertos by the immortal John Sebastian for one, two, three and finally four pianos. Admittedly the present-day repertoire of the Proms is getting too big to allow the luxury of two evenings a week regularly given over to the music of a



couple of composers who are not everybody's cup of tea. But then, why Beethoven? Largely, one imagines, because he is not so susceptible to fashion and in any case his nine symphonies are accepted as the basis of the modern orchestral repertoire which it is the purpose of the Proms to survey.

One of the great virtues of the Proms is the opportunity it provides for catching up on one's music. If you didn't get to Glyndebourne to hear Joan Sutherland in *I Puritani*, she will do the Mad Scene from Bellini's opera for you at the Albert Hall (and further selections from her repertoire, like *Lucia*). Perhaps you failed to hear Anna Maria Rota as Rossini's *Cinderella* in Sussex: you can hear her lovely and unusual voice in Verdi's *Requiem* in Kensington Gore. Or perhaps last year you missed Elisabeth Söderström as Susanna in Mozart's *Figaro* at Glyndebourne. This year you can catch up with her at the Proms singing a couple of arias from the same opera—but this time from the Countess's part, instead of Susanna's. If by some chance you missed Stravinsky's *Oedipus Rex* at Sadler's Wells the Proms offer another chance to hear it. And the same (going back a bit) with *Parade*, if you happened to be out

of Paris and missed its production by Diaghilev in 1917. The music was by Erik Satie, the book by Jean Cocteau, the décor by Picasso, the choreography by Massine. Only the composer, among that remarkable quartet of contributors, is no longer alive—he died in 1925. Satie would have been 94 now.

The most important thing about the modern Proms is that they still, thank heaven, approach music much as Henry Wood did—that is with the same admirable determination to try anything once. Wood conducted his Prom seasons, sometimes 10 weeks long, with one orchestra and the help of his leader, Charles Woodhouse, who took over for the last item of the evening. Nowadays it takes 11 conductors and four orchestras to get through the work which, while admittedly stiff, is not 11 times as hard as it used to be. On the other hand, this year's system gives a hearing to a number of our younger conductors who would never have had a hearing in earlier Prom seasons. In those days it was only the composer conducting his own work who was allowed a foot on Henry Wood's rostrum—and very welcome he was, too, for it gave the indefatigable "Timber" a breather. There are only four composers conducting their own music at the Proms this year; three of them are distinguished musical knights—Sir Arthur Bliss, Sir Eugene Goossens, and Sir William Walton—and the fourth is Lennox Berkeley, at 57 the youngest of the four.

Aren't the younger composers to be trusted to conduct their own works at the Proms any more? Or weren't they asked? There are no fewer than 11 works by living English composers this year that haven't been played at a Promenade concert before, but only three of them are being conducted by their composers. And except for Walton, who is making two appearances to do so, no composer is even conducting anything that is already familiar at the Proms. It is nice to have a novelty introduced by its creator, but when we were young the frequent appearance of composer-conductors at the Proms was an essential part of the entertainment.

Without this engaging custom we would have missed Elgar conducting from an armchair, and Dame Ethel Smyth and her Beechamesque orations and explanations from the platform, for instance. And the young Walton of the late 1920s, who was a regular feature of the concerts and gave a spectacularly memorable performance of his *Portsmouth Point*, the climax of which was his knocking the score off the desk for six. It landed at the feet of E. M. Forster, who was standing next to me.

Mr. Forster, after showing some momentary alarm as the manuscript hurtled through the air in his direction, recovered his equanimity and turned to me to remark that the Proms were much more fun than the Russian Ballet.

At the Proms it is the standing members of the audience who have the most fun. It is a classless little world on its own, where everybody pays the same three bob, and finds himself standing next to a ballerina or a lord (I have seen a Master of the King's Musick in a mackintosh and a Communist on his way to a night club in tails); where composers sneak in to listen to their own music and sneak out again before they have to listen to anybody else's; where strangers share scores and critics take a night off. But who they are who sit in the seats in the rest of the hall, I cannot tell you. Probably the same sort of people who sit in the Pavilion at Lord's. Amateurs, anyway. . . .

LORD KILBRACKEN

The day the milk went sour

It's all very strange, but in the past three months I have added a new profession to my accustomed trinity of farmer-writer-lecturer. It is that of cheese manufacturer. Allow me to explain.

For the past seven years I've been producing milk at Killegar (or, rather, my cows have). This I have sold to the local creamery for conversion into butter, at an average price of 1s. 10d. a gallon, or 2½d. a pint, which never struck me as being a very lordly figure.

Then one Monday morning, a couple of summers ago, I had a 10-gallon can of milk returned because it was sour—an accident which can sometimes happen, over a sultry weekend, even in the best-regulated dairies. When it happens, we usually make it into butter ourselves, but Katherine, my sister, who was fortunately staying with me at the time, decided on this occasion to try making cream cheese. You know the business (maybe): allowing the sour milk to drip through little muslin bags.

Well, it was damn good!

We made more, for ourselves, from time to time, but somehow it didn't yet strike me as being a commercial proposition—I have, or had, absolutely no knowledge of the world of commerce. I had often idly reflected on scatter-brain, exotic projects for making Killegar pay—e.g. smoked eels, opium, mink—but there are always so many problems to solve, and so much inertia to conquer, that one finds oneself remaining faithful in the end to orthodox farming products.

It was only slowly that the mathematics of cream cheese began to impress themselves on me. Ten gallons of milk, I found, make about 25 pounds of it. It retails, I discovered, at about five bob a pound. That works out at 12s. 6d. a gallon, nearly seven times as much as I was getting from the creamery. Of course, there would be all the expense of manufacture

and distribution, but I felt that I could still do it and show a worthwhile profit—if I could mass-produce it, and if I could sell it. This was where the fun began.

There is a vast difference—how vast, I only now know fully—between producing a few pounds in a bowl on the tea-table, and producing a few hundredweight, properly packed in cartons and everything, at a wholesaler's warehouse. However, this time, as the problems arose, I formed a fixed and absolute resolve that I would overcome them. I became determined that, somehow or other, I would *do* it; and I have.

The question of mass production involved some hard thinking, because you can't have hundreds and hundreds of little muslin bags. I therefore invented Kilbracken's patent Killegar Cream Cheese Dripper, which takes 20 gallons at a time. (It isn't patented really.) We are now using ten of them, and it'll soon be a dozen. Cartons had to be designed (a good friend in Dublin did that for me), and ordered. The smallest order allowed was 3,000, which I then regarded as an impossibly large number that would never get sold. We are now using 1,800 a week.

Sales managers had to be approached, and I now know personally every leading grocer in Dublin. There were many other heterogeneous requirements: cardboard boxes, publicity, a dairy-maid, buckets, bowls, muslin, infinite patience—and all the local Lolitas to come up once a week (now twice a week, and will soon be thrice) to pack great bowls of finished cheese into our smart, blue-and-yellow, waxed cardboard cartons.

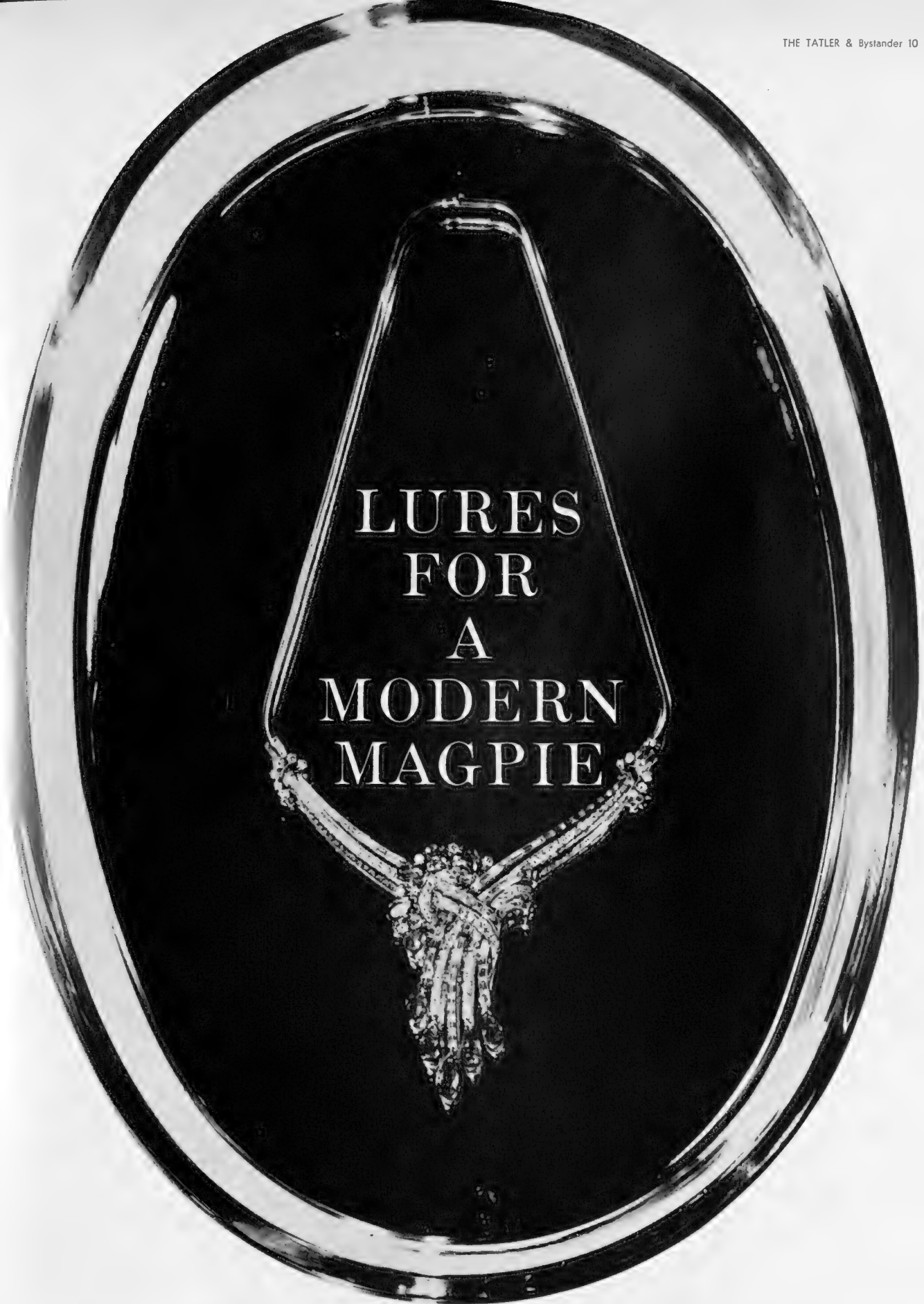
When I got back from the Derby, we prepared our first trial consignment. Virtually no cream cheese is made in Ireland, and the Irish are not a cheese-eating nation, so I did not know at all if any would buy my wares. Then, wonderfully, the orders started coming: a dozen

here, half-a-dozen there, and finally, one day of glory, the first order for a gross. Within a few days, I found, I could sell all I was making—about a hundredweight a week. So I began expanding.

I now work through a wholesaler, but, for the first couple of months, I did all the delivery myself. Thursday was my big day. Having left Killegar at 6 a.m., I'd visit 30 or 40 stores before closing time, in Dublin, Rathmines, Bray, Terenure, Dun Laoghaire and all points to Blackrock. I found I performed this duty with much the same feelings as when, after a new book is published, I surreptitiously visit bookshops to see how it is selling. That experience (to me) is almost always disappointing; if they have 50 copies in stock, I feel no one is buying it, and if they have no copies in stock, I feel no one is selling it. With cream cheese, it's so different. If they took three dozen the week before and, entering the store, you see the shelf beautifully bare—then, you *know* it's all been sold.

So far, the more I make, the more I'm able to sell. I set an early target of 300—then 1,000—cartons a week; the latter figure seemed ludicrously high, but has already been reached and nearly doubled. I sought and obtained an export licence, and began selling in Northern Ireland; now I have my eyes on England—all fifty million of you. I have shoved up my target to *four* thousand a week (which would gross £200); I'm buying more cows to provide more raw material; I'm looking for assistant milkmaids; and I even have plans for building at Killegar what I'm pleased to call a factory.

Goodness knows where it will all end. But now, naturally, I'm seeking new vistas. This—the only unorthodox scheme I've ever carried through—is already paying off, so it's time to try a new one. Mink is tricky and opium is illegal. Perhaps it'll be smoked eels, if I can only learn to catch (and smoke) them. I'll let you know.



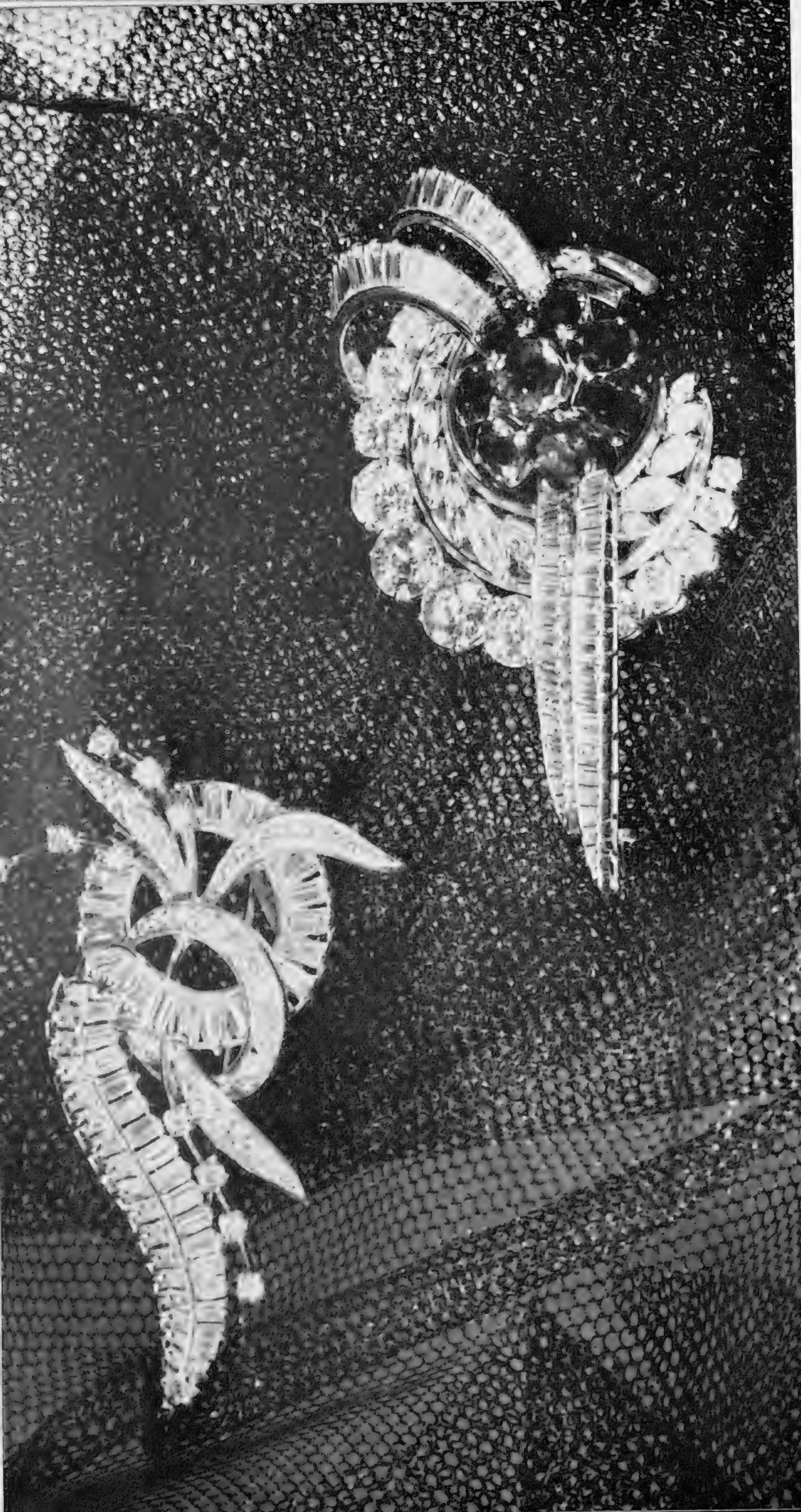
PHOTOGRAPHED BY DON JARVIS

It's a good time to choose jewellery, the sparkle has never been harder to resist. That's because modern design has gone delightfully abstract, with curves and arabesques replacing the squares and angles of earlier styles.

There's a wider choice too, now that Purchase Tax reduction has encouraged English craftsmen to compete again with the French and Italians

Perfectly matched baguette diamonds set in platinum with emerald drops make this magnificent necklace of English design.

It costs £1,950 from Garrards of Regent Street



LURES FOR A MODERN MAGPIE

continued

DIAMONDS and rubies set in platinum are used for this brooch (*upper left*) styled by Garrards' designer, Stewart Aldhouse, for their recent exhibition of precious jewels. Price: £4,750. The brooch of diamonds set in platinum (*lower left*) is by Carrington of Regent Street. Price: £900. *Opposite:* diamonds on black diamonds, and these two brooches on the coal are examples of non-abstract designs. The wistaria spray brooch (*upper*) is in diamond and platinum. Price: £1,550 from Michael Gosschalk. Garrards' exotic flower brooch is finely set with diamonds, emeralds and rubies in platinum. This is essentially modern and disproves the accusation that all jewellery of today has form but not identity. £1,240



LURES FOR A MODERN MAGPIE

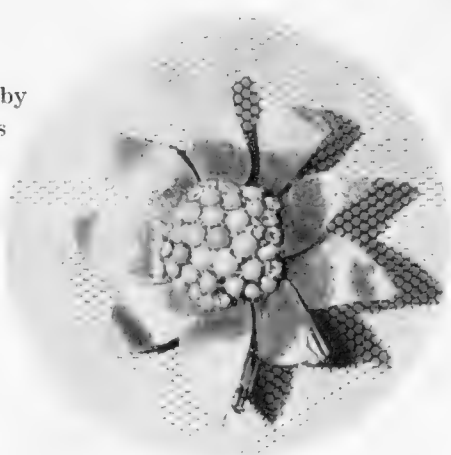
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Blue enamel gives emphasis to this brooch, to the inwardly curving petals and to the leaf. The petals are in 18-ct. gold and the stamens are in diamonds. Designed and made in France. From Boucheron, New Bond Street. Price: £305

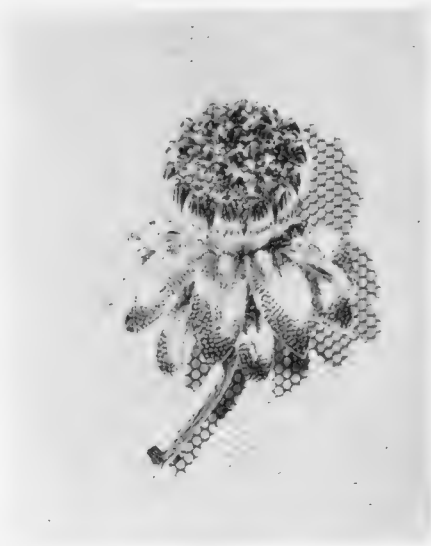


Dignified thistles of 18-ct. gold, with heads set in rubies and emeralds, the leaves in diamonds. From Kutchinsky. Price: £265

Gold petalled flower head by Michael Goschalk. The petals are satin finished to a gentle smoothness. Turquoise and diamonds cluster the centre. Price: £125



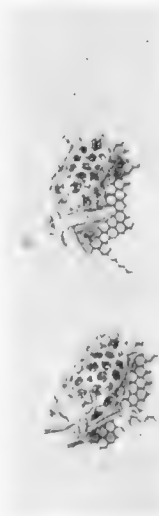
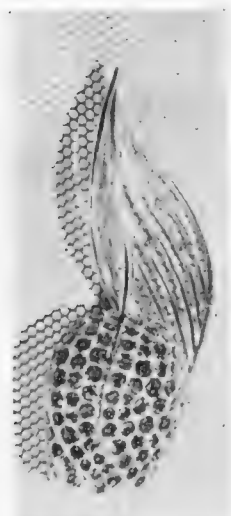
Flower head brooch from Kutchinsky. The softly drooping petals of stippled gold are highlighted with diamonds. In the centre is topaz. Price: £165



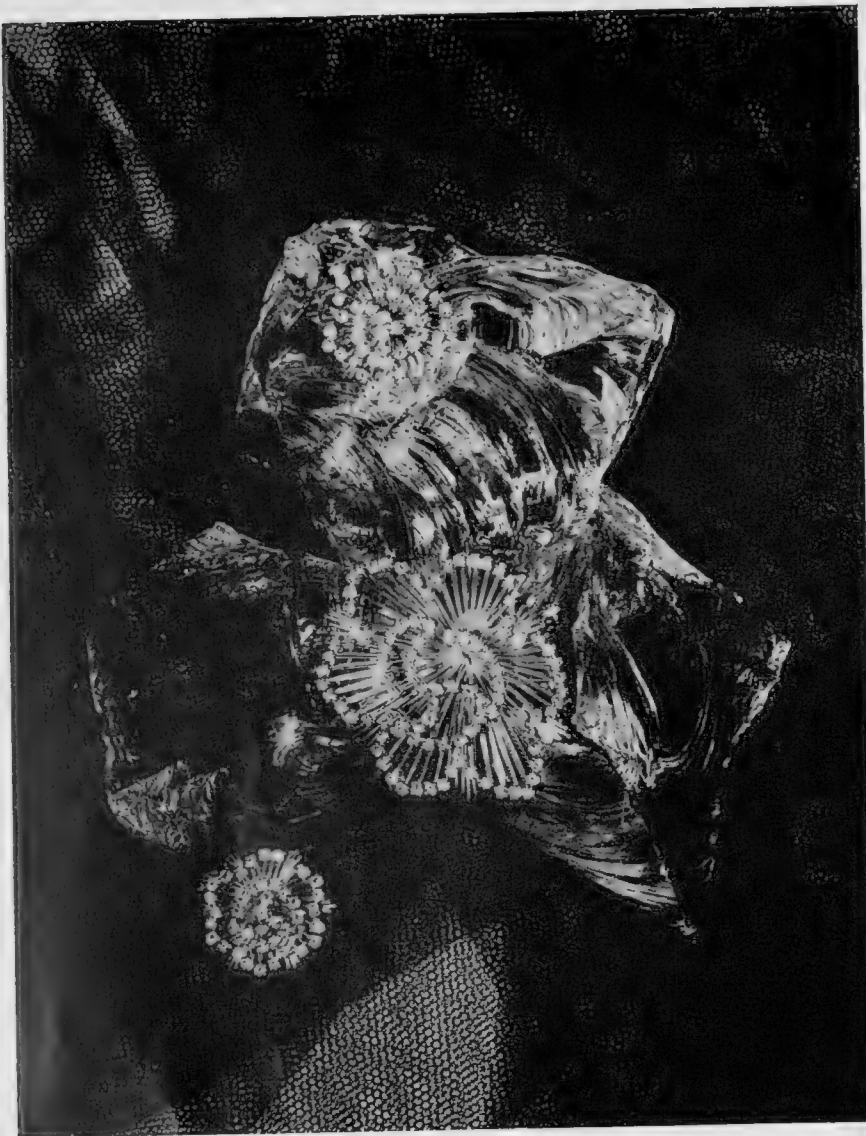
A RARE and precious mixture is spangled here, abstract with floral with lumps of precious ore. In the right-hand corner is a clip with a matching ring, in abstract design. The clip is in 18-ct. gold, intricately worked to feign lightness, and set with diamonds and rubies. The clip: £315. The ring: £275 from Kutchinsky, Knightsbridge. Top left is a sea plant brooch, with delicate fronds in gold and in blue enamel, diamond-set. £325 from Garrards. The trio (*in centre*) comprises an abstract thistledown brooch with earrings. Made of spiky gold wire, the centres are of palely golden citrines. A British design by Mautner at Fortnum and Mason. Brooch: £71 5s. Earrings: £45 15s. Brooch from Carringtons (*lower left*) is of swirling gold wire, interspersed with sapphires and diamonds, another British design. Price: £225. Abstract chrysanthemum brooch (*lower right*) of 18-ct. gold wire, centred with diamonds and rubies. Designed by Wilson and Gill, Regent Street, £175.

Gold, ruby and diamond earrings to match the brooch opposite. Price: £167 10s.

A head of rubies, leaves of diamonds on gold, for a British designed brooch from J. W. Benson, Old Bond Street. Price: £375







Rock crystal from Liberty's forms the setting for the brooch (*above*) with its matching earrings. It is in 18-ct. gold wire, set with diamonds. £725 and £650 respectively. They are by Michael Gosschalk, who designs, makes and sells all his own pieces at his premises in Motcomb Street. He is well known for redesigning out-of-date

period pieces, and in his modern work follows the trend for setting small stones in gold wire. Garrards designed and made the brooch of love birds alongside. Both birds are of gold, with enamel wings, one set with topaz and diamonds, with a tail of emeralds, the other with emeralds and turquoise with a tail of sapphires. Price: £515

LURES FOR A MODERN MAGPIE *concluded*





Washing up is easier with FAIRY LIQUID by Thomas Hedley. Its claims are verified in use—it dissolves instantly, gives a rich lather, dispatches grease efficiently, leaving no deposit, so there's no slippery surface left on glazed crockery or smearing on crockery or glass—which can be left to rack dry. A plastic squeeze bottle dispenses the small amount needed. It's gentle on hands too. In two sizes: 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d., on sale in south of England (not the West Country) and Midlands



Dry cleaning can be done at home with VALET which effectively cleanses clothes or soft furnishings. The removable nylon velour pad is used for grubby or greasy surfaces and can be detached when dirty. The preparation can also be sprinkled on a clean, dry cloth and used. It is unsuitable for gaberdine, waterproof or rubberised fabrics but works without ill effect on anything else without leaving ring marks. A bottle costs 2s. 6d. at most stores in London & the provinces



Cleansing suède is a problem solved with PERSUADE which not only erases dirt away—but restores the nap as the block of coloured cleaner is worked into the scuffed and marked leather. It is a dry cleaner, so make sure the garments are also dry. Dust and dirt can be removed by the foam pad included in the package. You choose the block nearest in tone from a choice of thirteen and results are miraculous. It can also be used for cleaning pigskin and any other non-lacquered leather surfaces. Persuade costs 3s. 11d., lasts for many months and is obtainable at shoe shops, repairers and department stores



Cleaning and renovating shoes (especially the fashionably long, pointed ones in pale leathers) is solved with TUXAN which transforms marked and scuffed leather. The polish is worked into the damaged area with a soft brush or cloth and leather is renovated and given a good waterproof shine to boot. A little of it goes a long way. A tin costs 1s. 6d., brushes to put it on with, 1s. 6d. or 2s. 6d. There are 54 shades from which to choose. If you're in a tight spot with ill-fitting shoes, try Tuxan's leather expander which penetrates into leather and makes it more flexible. It costs 2s. 11d. with full details

ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD

COUNTER SPY

cuts the cleaning bill

DIAGRAMS BY DUTHY

Intelligence Report

KEEPING SYNTHETIC FIBRES GOOD LOOKING IS mainly a matter of frequent tubbings—they are less resistant to dirt than natural fibres. Clothes or fabrics which are completely or partially synthetic often bear labels with how-to-wash and iron details. But here are some general tips for those who are left in the dark: nylon, Bri-nylon, Terylene, Dacron, Acrilan, Orlon, Bri-lon, Ban-lon, Helanca and Crimplené should be washed in hand-hot water (lukewarm for Tricel and Courtelle) and rinsed thoroughly (don't wring because they are minimum-iron and the less creasing the better), then drip-dried (don't boil or bleach). Stiffened taffeta, organza, whether it's nylon, Terylene or rayon should be washed as above, but *not* in a machine, and drip dried. A cool iron can be used if necessary. A limp nylon taffeta petticoat will respond to immersion in a mixture of two heaped teaspoonfuls of gum arabic crystals in a pint of hot water. Leave for a few moments, then drip-dry.

Preserving the handsomeness of woollens is a comparatively simple process but needs some care. First test for dye fastness, then wash in a detergent like *White Tide* or use pure soap flakes such as *Lux* or *Dreft*—all give a rich

lather. Soak in this warm lather for a few moments then squeeze gently and repeat this without rubbing until garment is clean. Thoroughly rinse two or three times, pull into shape on a towel and put through an electric wringer in it, or press excess moisture out by hand. Or you can use a spin drier and pull into shape afterwards. Then dry flat; drying process can be finished on a clothes line. Pressing is not advisable but if necessary a steam iron should be used. Woollens can be washed in machines (follow the instructions) but hand washing is much better. Blankets however are best washed in machines and can be made fluffy again by the use of a soft bristle brush. *Adamite* is a cold water shampoo for use in hard or soft water and so prevents any felting or matting which appears when water is too hot. Left to soak in the solution for three minutes, the garment is pressed down now and again, lifted out and surplus water squeezed out. Rinsed in cold or near-cold water and then treated as usual. Very good for hard water areas and recommended by Pringle of Scotland, *Adamite* costs 6d. for a sachet and 3s. for a drum from the knitwear departments of most stores.

Extending the life of foundations relies on frequent washings in detergents such as *White Tide* or soft soap flakes like *Lux*. The routine

is to wash in hand-hot water but more solid types of corsets need zips pulling up, metal clips unclipped and laces opened. Wash black foundations separately. A light scrub with a nail brush is possible but *no* scrubbing. Rinse, and remove water by rolling in a towel then dry away from heat. Don't twist or wring.

Removing stains needs instant action and quick immersion in cold or lukewarm water will often avert disaster. Here are some recipes for cleaning sticky or hard-to-move stains. Tar: Scrape off surface and soften remaining tar with oil or fat and wipe away with clean rag. Finish with a solvent like methylated spirits, turpentine or acetone—working from the outside to inside of stain. Lipstick: Lubricate with eucalyptus and apply a few drops of ammonia on a clean cloth and dab gently. Rinse and use a grease solvent such as carbon tetrachloride and wash in warm, soapy solution. Grass: Saturate stain with surgical spirit, rinse and then wash in detergent. Biro marks: Dab with methylated spirits, rinse thoroughly before washing. Perspiration: If badly marked, apply a few drops of ammonia to a clean cloth and dab. Then rinse with warm water and turn garments inside out and work gently with warm water to remove all ammonia. Rinse again. When treating stains, always wash afterwards.



*Dancers of Haiti and Mexico
raised a heatwave in London with
torrid rhythms and exotic colour
from the Caribbean and the Gulf.
Alan Vines photographed the*

TROPICAL TERPSICHOREANS

Voodoo rituals from the jungles of Haiti were staged in the more prosaic surroundings of the Westminster Theatre by Mathilda Beauvoir whose brother Max is also a member of the company of dancers. Drums, rhythmic hand-clapping and incantations feature in the performance and at one point Mlle. Beauvoir (*right*) rides off stage on a sheep. She claims that the dances are authentic interpretations of voodoo ritual seen in the island by 100,000 Haitians and tourists every year. The London performance is a tamer show—the birds and animals used here would probably be sacrificed in the native setting

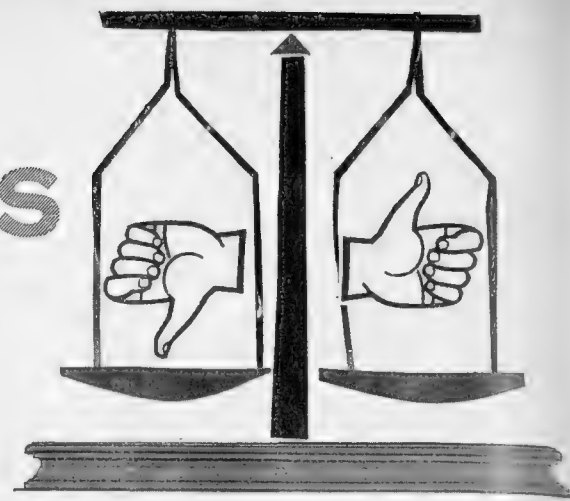




Aztec and Mayan dances were revived at the Piccadilly Theatre by Javier de Leon's *Mexican Dance Company*. The principal dancer, Princess Teo Xochitl, is herself descended from the Aztec royal line. The dances are a blend of legend and religious ritual with the performers dressed in spectacular plumed costumes like the one (above) in the Dance of the Quetzals—the sacred peacock of Aztec culture. The second half of the programme included more modern dances, often with Spanish or Indian influence like the folk dance (right), the Michoacan Ballet, and a series of wedding songs and dances



VERDICTS



- The play* **Candida.** Wyndham's Theatre. (Michael Denison, Jeremy Spenser, Dulcie Gray, Ken Wynne, Gillian Raine.)
- The films* **The Entertainer.** Director Tony Richardson. (Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie, Joan Plowright, Roger Livesey, Shirley Anne Field.)
Pollyanna. Director David Swift. (Hayley Mills, Jane Wyman, Richard Egan, Karl Malden, Adolphe Menjou, Kevin Corcoran.)
The Last Days Of Pompeii. Director Mario Bonnard. (Steve Reeves, Cristina Kauffman, Barbara Carroll, Anne Marie Baumann.)
- The books* **When We Dead Awaken,** and other plays by Henrik Ibsen. Tr. Michael Meyer. (Hart-Davis, 10s. 6d. each.)

Adventures In The South, by Casanova, Tr. Arthur Machen. (Elek Putnam, 35s.)
The Backward Sex, by Ian Cross. (André Deutsch, 12s. 6d.)
The Traverse, by Helen Foley. (Hodder & Stoughton, 15s.)
The Great Alphonse, by L. Levine. (Secker & Warburg, 21s.)
St. Kilda Summer, by Kenneth Williamson & J. Morton Boyd. (Hutchinson, 25s.)

The records **King Size,** by Andre Previn.
The Big Men, by Paul Smith.
The Art Tatum Discoveries
Swingin' the '20s, by Benny Carter.
Son Of Gunn, by Shelly Manne.
Pete Fountain's New Orleans.

The gallery **Arthur Boyd.** Zwemmer Gallery.

THEATRE

Anthony

Cookman



A holiday with Shaw

AT A TIME WHEN NEW PLAYS ARE going down like ninepins on the West End stage one comes to the revival of *Candida* at Wyndham's as to a holiday from the murderous game. There is, for once, no fear that the proceedings will be interrupted at any moment by a ribald howl of contempt presaging yet another "flop." And it turns out to be quite an exhilarating holiday occasion. A great part of the audience is made up of bright-eyed

young people who are seeing this 66-year-old play for the first time. It is a joy to hear them chortle as they watch the claws of derision being stuck into the right parties with an unexpectedness that clearly remains perennial.

For Shaw's masterpiece of satiric observation is still delightfully relevant and fresh. It was born with certain faults, but time has not magnified them. It seems in the last act to apologize for being that too-conventional thing, a well-made drama, and the apology has a touch of the sentimentality which the author dreaded as a cat dreads water. And, more important, this particular well-made story really requires in Marchbanks a poet who can speak like a poet.

All Shaw can supply in this line is an intellectual with the mind of an artist. But the strength of the play, and the secret of its charm and long popularity, is the satirical portrait of the Socialist person who is the central figure of the comedy. Many of Shaw's most famous characters are nothing but animated ideas given perfect expression and set in opposition to other animated ideas no less perfectly expressed. The

Rev. James Morell is taken from life.

Shaw had only to observe his fellow Fabians to realize that many of them were badly infected with the disease of eloquence—the insidious disease that afflicts good and gifted men who are never given cause to wonder if the fine emotional and intellectual phrases which win them applause on the platform correspond any longer even faintly with what they really feel and think. The type is supremely difficult to treat in satirical comedy. Those who belong to it do not doubt that they are the good and gifted men that their idolizing following take them for. They deceive themselves as well as others. They are the last to realize that their goodness has undergone a subtle perversion and that their gifts have been prostituted for the sake of the applause for which they have come to feel a drunkard's craving.

Shaw made things as difficult as possible for himself. His Morell is no mere scarecrow of hypocrisy. He is indeed a rather splendid specimen of the virile parson, eloquent with democratic sympathies, a kind word for anyone in trouble, a reassuring and bracing air of being a man and a brother to all and sundry. And when the satirist has endowed the victim with all the virtues he would claim for himself he fairly strips him to the moral buff. By a proper train of incident and by dialogue of bite and guile which Shaw never bettered Morell is shown at the end of the second act to be nothing but the doll in his wife's house, a doll stuffed from top to toe with high-sounding platform phrases without meaning.

The revival is nicely acted all round—and by Mr. Jeremy Spenser with a brilliance that places his Marchbanks second only to Stephen Haggard's. Mr. Spenser makes us believe in the young man's defiant and ruthless idealism. Marchbanks loves Morell's wife and he has no scruple in trying to break up the parson's home because he is confident that *Candida* and he together can achieve ecstasy. But he has a contempt for roseate domesticity and has no wish to try it even with her.

Mr. Spenser's whole performance demonstrates most convincingly the precise nature of this self-sufficiency which in the place of happiness depends on a triumphant gaiety of spirit springing from a source of individual fortitude and power. It is not often that a successful child actor emerges into an adult actor of such high promise as Mr. Spenser here shows. Mr. Michael Denison is excellent as Morell. He hits off admirably the good man who mistakenly fancies himself a strong one, and gives us a touch of genuine anguish of spirit as the layers of complacency, stripped off him by his ruthless young antagonist, leaves him aware that his wife knows herself to be the protective one in their partnership.

Miss Dulcie Gray is an agreeable and a persuasive *Candida*—not an easy thing to be. Miss Gillian Raine is a comic and at times a touching "Prussy," the adoring typist, and Mr. Ken Wynne gets the fun out of the part of the egregious Mr. Burgess. Mr. Frank Hauser's Oxford Playhouse production is indeed deserving of its present place in the West End.



ANGRY YOUNG MAN, 1894: *Marchbanks, the poetic idealist* (Jeremy Spenser) barely hides his impatience with the Establishment pillar James Morell (Michael Denison), in their struggle for the soul of Mrs. Morell (Dulcie Gray), in *Candida*

CINEMA

Elspeth Grant



Mr. Osborne's hateful gift

AS WE NOTICED IN *Look Back In Anger*, Mr. John Osborne has a remarkable ear for disharmony: if it's a really scellish screaming match you're after, Mr. Osborne is undoubtedly your man. The family quarrels in *The Entertainer* ring true to the best ear-piercing note—again revealing Mr. Osborne's hateful gift, leaving me with my nerves quivering and jangling like an old bedstead. I am for a quiet life and (art thou there, Pollyanna, I want everybody to be happy in this film, nobody is—so, though full of admiration for Mr. Tony Richardson's direction and the flawless acting of a hand-picked cast, I was abysmally depressed by it.

Archie Rice, the central character, is a failure who knows he's a failure but whose pathetic obstinacy—or is it inertia—keeps him plodding along the weary path of a fifth-rate song-&-dance man, staging tatty shows at second-rate seaside theatres, juggling to raise the money for yet another flop and trying to convince himself that one day his luck will change.

Sir Laurence Olivier gives a shattering performance in this role. You have only to look into his eyes to see that the poor devil is dead inside and to realize that his cheap quips, bar-room bonhomie and rancid patter are a cover-up for the emptiness within. He is no good to anyone, least of all himself—but he is not unloved.

His work-worn wife, beautifully played by Miss Brenda de Banzie, may rail at him in her cups (enough gin is consumed to float a battle-

ship) but still retains a hopeless affection for him, despite his infidelities. His daughter, Miss Joan Plowright, sacrifices her chance of happiness to stand by him, and his old father, Mr. Roger Livesey, a retired musical artist, gallantly tries to rescue him from the mess he has got himself into. But nobody can really help Archie—he's just naturally disaster-prone.

Posing as a widower, he seduces a young girl—Miss Shirley Anne Field is curiously moving in their one love scene—and persuades her parents he can make a star of her if they will finance his new show. They promise to do so—but on learning that Archie is not only a married man but an undischarged bankrupt into the bargain, they back out in considerable dudgeon.

As Archie has been spending the promised money in advance, there's every prospect that he'll go to jail. Now Fate steps in meanly to deal him a couple of crushing blows: his son, soldiering overseas, is killed—and his father, staging a come-back to retrieve the family fortunes, drops dead at Archie's feet on his opening night. The ending is purest despair—and out one totters feeling as grey as the summer skies and wondering who on earth could regard this dismal piece as entertainment.

The perfect antidote to *The Entertainer* is Mr. Walt Disney's delicious *Pollyanna*—which miraculously restores one's faith in human nature. Recalling the 1920 version of this sunshine story, in which Miss Mary Pickford, "The World's Sweetheart," laid on the saccharine

sentimentality with a shovel, I approached this picture with misgivings. Here and now I tender Mr. Disney my humblest apologies—and can assure him (and you) that I would willingly see the film a dozen times, I enjoyed it so much.

A great deal of the credit for it must go to Mr. David Swift, who is responsible for the excellent script and a really first-class job of direction—but the person who, for me, makes the film is our own utterly adorable little Miss Hayley Mills, whose Pollyanna is no melting sugar-doll dripping sweetness in the Pickford manner: she is just a snub-nosed, round-eyed, essentially practical angel, with her feet firmly on the ground. If her enchanting performance does not win for Miss Mills the title of "The World's Sweetheart *de nos jours*" I shall be much surprised. Livid, too.

Pollyanna, the orphaned daughter of a poor missionary, comes to live with her rich spinster aunt Polly (Miss Jane Wyman) in the small town of Harrington, which Aunt Polly rules with a steel-clad rod of gold. The townsfolk are a collection of sourpusses—possibly because the local minister (Mr. Karl Malden), acting on Aunt Polly's instructions, is constantly denouncing them as miserable sinners and threatening them with death and damnation.

Pollyanna sees no reason why they should be miserable (or sinners, for that matter): they should learn to play "the glad game"—for you can always find something to be glad about if you look for it (art thou there, Mr. Osborne?). Gladness makes good: "the meanest man in town" (Mr. Adolphe Menjou) grows kind and adopts a jolly little orphan boy (Master Kevin Corcoran), a peevish hypochondriac (Miss Agnes Moorehead) ceases to moan and is restored to health, the minister reforms, and Aunt Polly, her hard heart softened, finds happiness with her girlhood's beau, Mr. Richard Egan—but only after a tragic accident has laid darling Pollyanna low.

Rivers of tears and mascara ran down the cheeks of the women in the audience, strong men sobbed like

children—and everybody left the cinema beaming delightedly and all the better for a good cry. You must not miss this remarkable experience.

In *The Last Days Of Pompeii*, muscular Mr. Steve Reeves wrestles with crocodiles and keeps the lions off the Christians: the dubbed dialogue is ludicrous—and only the final scenes of the city's destruction through the eruption of Vesuvius are in any way praiseworthy.



ON THE PIER, *Rice senior* (Roger Livesey), in honourable retirement from the stage, talks to his granddaughter *Jean Rice* (Joan Plowright)



IN THE BEDROOM *Tina Lapford* (Shirley Anne Field) tries anxiously to fathom the thoughts of *Archie Rice* (Laurence Olivier) in *The Entertainer*

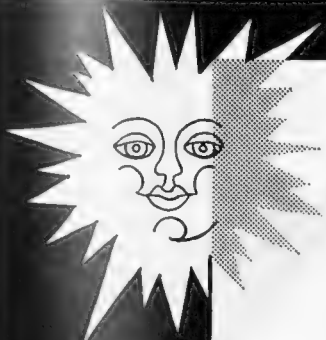
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LANCÔME



BOOKS



Siriol Hugh-Jones

A natural for the breakwater

THOSE IN SEARCH OF A SET OF masterpieces particularly suited to our doomed, dark summer should lay in a store of the new Hart-Davis edition of Ibsen—each volume published at half-a-guinea. There are four plays out already and 12 more to come, in a new fluent and persuasive translation by Michael Meyer which permits the craggy characters to speak dialogue that is credible (not to mention speakable) as well as tremendous.

People going on holiday are by tradition supposed to stock up with either *War & Peace* or several bales of paper-backed light fiction. For my part I reckon John Gabriel Borkman and Hilda Wangel might well prove to be splendid, even encouraging companions for almost any storm-lashed English beach. The books are clearly printed (good for easy open-air reading by lightning-flash under thunderous skies) and very portable, and I like to think of happy holiday readers huddled behind the breakwater intent on a third gallop through *When We Dead Awaken*.

Those being my masterpieces for the week, one must now revert to what nourishment can be extracted from what is always gloomily known as a Mixed Bag. Where others passionately admire Casanova's literary output, I find myself astonished mostly by the sheer energy that drove him through so many vast volumes after a lifetime's exhausting enterprise in beds, carriages, inn dining-rooms and less expected locales such as an awkward skirmish impeded by a convent grill. The fourth volume of the indefatigable hero's memoirs, *Adventures in the South*, translated by Arthur Machen, is now with us,

and there are two more volumes still to come. (Casanova grows a little older and wearier on each jacket and who can wonder.) What is rather engaging about the whole epic struggle is the cheerful atmosphere engendered by so much really astonishing success—Casanova's reputation, which is still doing fine, must have snowballed so fast that his only problem was justifying it—and the narrator's unbounded exuberance, only occasionally being compelled to confess himself in need of a good unbroken night's sleep.

The Backward Sex by Ian Cross is a brisk, funny, tough and oddly touching story about a 17-year-old New Zealander and his discovery of sex, in the persons of an equally inexperienced girl and a much older lady lodger with red hair and an unlimited supply of transparent nightdresses. (It should not perhaps be read straight after Casanova's tally of his peak years; other times, other manners—though not necessarily other preoccupations.) Mr. Cross writes easily and with a sort of wry, unsoppy compassion. It's a slight book, I think, but attractive and very lively.

Helen Foley's *The Traverse* is a nice cool novel about a nice cool married woman dividing her anxieties between her absent hero-husband, the great climber (who writes articles about his expeditions but no passionate letters home), her own research, her bitchy lodger, her amorous neighbour—who has a creased face and a half-mocking smile—and her two prickly stepchildren. It is all neat and agreeable and painless to read, for which I am always grateful, and I cannot quite understand why I was so scandalized

to find the proof-readers passing "hers" with an apostrophe "s".

The Great Alphonse by Lawrence Levine is an enormous novel about a wild and horridly roistering painter in and around Paris who takes up with a 15-year-old girl called Lucky who has all the tenacity of a Thurber woman on the prowl (one of these days someone is going to write a definitive study of the Lolita-syndrome in action). In general, and in particular after Mr. Bratby's huge thudding novel, I am no keen fan of untrammelled painters roaring their way through fiction, especially when they are closely connected with quantities of writing of the kind that used to be called

experimental. It seems possible that Mr. Levine has munched up a great deal of James Joyce and temporarily wrecked his digestion.

Lastly, if Ibsen alone is too stony a diet, pack for your holiday a charming, level-voiced, sensible documentary called *St. Kilda Summer* by Kenneth Williamson and J. Morton Boyd which is mostly about local birds and interesting enough to take your mind off the weather. And anyone who has the good sense to take along my favourite book for many months, Mark Harris's *Wake Up Stupid*, is going to pray for a rainy afternoon anyway in order to finish it in delectable peace.



RECORDS

Gerald Lascelles

King size—well maybe

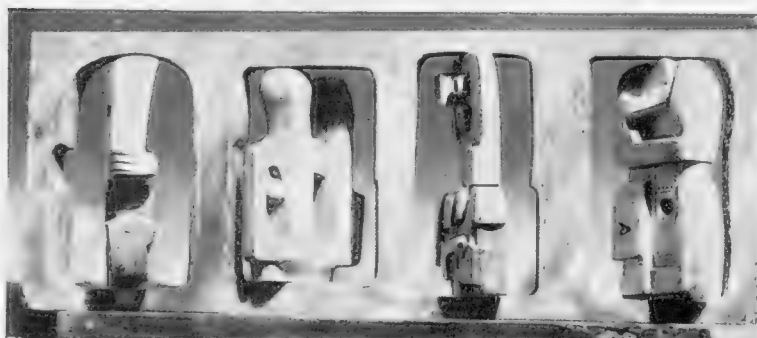
ANDRE PREVIN HAS CONTRIBUTED much pianistically to the American Contemporary catalogue. His dry, methodical development of themes is now quite a byword, and his Trio has hit the jackpot with several best-selling jazz albums. My own feeling is that *King size* (LAC12230) will not be as popular as some of his earlier works; for one thing, it strikes me as being very technical. Listen carefully to his closing chorus of *I'll remember April* and you will be entranced, or horrified, by the progression of key-changes. The high spot for me is a slow blues, where Mitchell's bass and Capp's drums provide stalwart support. No logical explanation of the album title is forthcoming, except that each of these men is something of a king at his own task.

A far less important, but perhaps more listenable trio album is offered by Paul Smith (CLP1356). Appropriately, for they are all giants in stature, their H.M.V. album is titled *The big men*. Mr. Smith plays borderline jazz, specializes in the locked-hand choral style, and has for years accompanied Ella Fitzgerald. He leaves behind him a feeling of pomposity, which is out of keeping with his medium. Both Smith and Previn carry the unmistakable influence of Tatum, whose *Top Rank* after-hours set (35/067) enables us to hear the all-time great master at his most whimsical, experimental best. I do not normally approve the release of material recorded under private circumstances, but the scarcity of Tatum on disc and the excellence of the music completely justify this breach of an unwritten code.

Leroy Vinnegar, a well-known swinging bassist from the West Coast, provides on a Contemporary disc the common link between the Smith Trio and Benny Carter's quartet LP, *Swingin' the '20s*. He and old-timer Earl Hines join forces in some truly virile interpretations of the music which was the rage when they were young. Nothing is held back when Benny blows either alto or trumpet. *Thou swell*, which opens the album, is typical, uncomplicated music, which illustrates the period but brings the style right up to date. All these men work out West, and the one out-of-context sound comes from Shelly Manne, the ex-Kenton drummer who has had a formidable success with his own group.

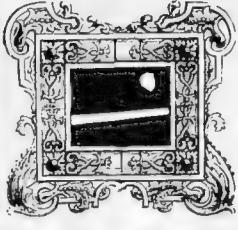
Manne has chosen themes from *Peter Gunn* for one of his recent Contemporary albums, *Son of Gunn* (LAC12220), in which Victor Feldman's vibraphone is in the limelight. This is typical Hollywood jazz, which I frankly do not like. Not only the harmonic approach, but the uncompromising work by the soloists, leaves me with a nasty taste. I can echo the same feelings in mentioning the sixth volume by Shelly Manne & His Men (LAC 12232). They seem to adopt all the least attractive clichés born of modern jazz.

To close on a gayer note, try Pete Fountain's clarinet solos issued by Coral (SVL3010), which lie closer to the origins of jazz than most of the records released today. The sleeve describes him as "personally communicative"; I could not find a better epithet for a musician who is so obviously imbued with the sense of all that has gone before him.



THE MASTERY OF MOORE: With a pen in his hand Henry Moore drew the delicate mother and child sketch (left). With a chisel he carved the almost-brutal, endlessly provocative figures of the screen wall in the "Time & Life" building, Bond Street, shown here in a 3 foot bronze model. From *The Art Of Henry Moore* by Will Grohmann (Thames & Hudson, £5 5s.)





GALLERIES

Alan Roberts

Mr. Boyd's dream-drama

FOR THE SECOND TIME IN A FEW weeks I have been stunned by an Australian named with a paint-brush. First came Sidney Nolan, now comes Arthur Boyd. Both, to mix a metaphor, are extremely rare birds, but at first they would seem to have little in common apart from their native habitat. A habitat, the strangeness and mystery of which both have captured with a disturbing effect in their landscape paintings.

However, the evidence of the pictures at Remmer's (his first one-man show in this country) Boyd, like Nolan, has now turned his attention from landscape to myth. But there is no classical myth, like Leda and the Swan, nor even a modern myth like the saga of Ned Kelly. No, Arthur Boyd has created his own myth. Rather, he has created a series of illustrations to a myth that has yet to be written or told.

It is a dream-drama of his own imagining. As he says, if you want a full, coherent script you must write it yourself. Well, a title—*The half-caste bride*—has already been given as a key to the intriguing imagery.

Perhaps not fully realized in this country that Australia has a colour problem of an involved kind. It is the problem of the half-castes, respected neither by the whites, whose roots in the country are little more than a century old, nor by the ancient, pure-blooded aboriginal people whom they far outnumber.

It is around this problem that Boyd has allowed himself to dream with results that, although at times they may be evocative of Chagall and of Spencer, are nevertheless intensely personal and deeply felt, rich in colour and lyrical in spite of a certain rigidity of drawing.

Unfortunately space does not permit me to accept the challenge to write my own script. But briefly I see the story as one of a black-fellow—an aristocratic one since he is a rich, dark blue, not black, all over—who yearns for a white bride (yes, she is pure white in all but one picture where her hands and feet are blue!). He knows the dangers and the miseries that can come of a mixed marriage, and he foresees the tragedy that will come to her as a complete outcast if he should die.

He struggles against his desire. In one picture *Waiting for the bride to grow up*, he is treading

on his tiny bride's train to stop her growing big enough to get married. But everywhere he goes the image of her haunts him.

His great, tormented eyes staring wildly, he rides off into the bush to be alone only to find that instead of a horse's head his mount has the head of the white girl. Stopping in the shelter of a rock he hangs up his "dilly" bag, in which are all his worldly goods, and tries to rest. But from the dilly bag the young bride's face stares down at him. He stoops to drink from a stream and the "dilly" bag face, framed in an elaborate bridal veil, is reflected back at him from the water.

He reaches out towards her and plunges into the stream. Now he lies drowned, face down in the shallow water. A bride's bouquet of vibrant blue, wild hibiscus sprouts from his ear ("It was a convenient receptacle," says the artist). And on his broad back stands the diminutive bride staring fearfully into the bouquet which returns her stare with a pair of eyes just like her own.

Next his dead body lies stiffly in its coffin but, at the same time, he sits desolately outside it and watches the anguished bride throw herself into the box in a last desperate effort to be one with him. Here perhaps the artist comes too perilously close to joke drawing in the figure of the little bride which has the look of one of Giles's *enfants terrible*, yet for me the picture is the most delightful and the best painted of the whole series.

All very odd, you may think, and you would be right up to a point. But after seeing these extraordinary paintings it is their feeling of compassion rather than their oddity that lingers in the memory. For, unlike Nolan whose lyricism seems to me to be intellectualism, Boyd is an unashamed humanist whose lyricism is instinctive.

From which I hope you will gather that I am enthusiastically recommending you to see the work of Arthur Boyd, who reminds me at this stage of his development of Stanley Spencer as he was in the early 1920's before the "vision," as he called it, deserted him. I fervently hope that when this rare, sensitive Australian returns to London for a retrospective exhibition in 1962 we shall find that his "vision" is still with him.

Of especial interest to field-sports enthusiasts . . .

The August 3 issue of *Farm & Country*, now on sale, includes three important features of especial interest to those who follow field events: a detailed, illustrated account of Anthony Clarkson's visit to the GAME FAIR at Castle Howard and a pictorial report and commentary on both the ROYAL INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW and the PETERBOROUGH HOUND SHOW. Demand for the August 3 issue of *Farm & Country* has been heavy: to be sure of your copy you should ask your usual supplier TODAY, price 2/- or, in case of difficulty, apply direct to The Publisher, "Farm & Country", Ingram House, John Adam Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2, enclosing 2/6d. which includes postage.

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For details of rates etc. see page 270.

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PHOTO: DON JARVIS

*BUILDING BEAUTY

above are some of the newest promoters. Raise your good looks rating with a new scent for summer's end—Raphael's *Plaisir* (top left) is a delight to wear with its subtle identification with drenched flowers. Just on sale in England, it costs £5 2s. 4d. for the 2 oz. size.

Build a well-balanced skin with Cyclax *Emollia* liquid skin food which they have just equipped with a new sealing process for air travel—no sticky mess when pressure builds high. It shares this inner sealing with their *Glamotint* and *Milk of Roses*.

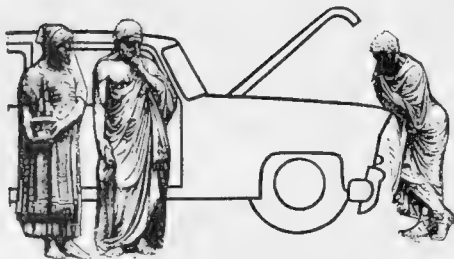
Set-up a good skin with *Wolo*—a bran bath from Switzerland which ensures a silky finish for late summer skins. The pale pink squeezey container in the picture is for shower enthusiasts but there's a nice looking tube for bathers. The showerbath costs 15s., the bran cream, 9s. 6d.

Pitch skin exactly to a sunny brown with Hartnell's *Liquid Beauty* foundation. The shade's called *Tan*.

Construct a pretty mouth for allergic skins with Innox's 22 lipstick, well-loved for years but now in a multitude of reds and pinks from light to bright (every colour in their usual range, plus the new Red Chiffon).

Elevate your skin to a new high of moisture and cleanliness with Phyllis Scott-Lesley's *Almond Milk*. Doubly efficient used with her *Topaz* herbal lotion which improves with keeping and braces, firms and generally stimulates the skin.

Lift eyes out of the non-starting class with the Continental brush in a case from Innox, New Bond Street, for 3s. 6d., which does everything for your eyes from making a swoop of liquid liner to adding the stimulus of solid colour.



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Squealers hit the skids

WE WERE STANDING ON ONE OF the wicked, slippery water-soaked tracks that tyre manufacturers use for skid tests. Marked out with rubber cones was a sharp corner and round it came an XK 150 Jaguar coupé, raising a plume of spray from its wheels. At 34 m.p.h. the driver could just hold it in the curve, but at 35 m.p.h. it spun out of control every time. Then the rear wheels were changed, and a new kind of tyre was put on. With the same tyre pressure and the same drive, the Jag now stayed under perfect control in the curve at speeds up to 39 m.p.h.

The next test was made with a 3.8-litre Jaguar saloon which had had its self-locking differential removed to make it easier to spin the rear wheels. One wheel was run on to a rough non-skid surface, while the other lay on a parallel track which was as slippery as if it had been greased—ideal conditions to produce uncontrollable wheelspin. With normal tyres a sudden stab at the accelerator set one rear wheel spinning madly and the car barely kept moving. Then the new type tyres were fitted and I tried again. Even with the most brutal treatment, slamming the throttle open hard in second gear, I just could not spin the wheels, and the car surged away at full speed.

The secret was a new kind of synthetic rubber which has been developed by Dunlop specially to prevent skidding. Ordinary rubber, as everyone knows, is springy; it bounces if dropped and snaps back to its normal shape after it has been compressed. The new rubber is rather "dead." It absorbs shocks without reacting so sharply and therefore grips better in bad conditions. It gives better braking in the wet, its road holding is 24 per cent better and its resistance to wheelspin is 45 per cent higher than that of normal tyre rubber.

It has another big advantage too; silent running. Tyre squeal is a particularly difficult problem on big, luxurious cars whose tyres are

generously dimensioned for comfortable riding. In fact, as one tyre technician said, "The more you pay for your car, the more the tyres squeal." This unpleasant noise, which sounds like an accident about to take place, and earns black looks from people who assume you must be travelling too fast, is worst in hot weather, and on smooth traffic-polished roads. It is caused by vibrations which are set up in the rubber of the tyre, but the new rubber does not vibrate nearly so much and the squeal has disappeared. The difference, demonstrated by "before-and-after" tests on a quality car which is a notorious tyre squealer, was quite remarkable. Instead of a squeal, a quiet swish.

All this represents a big step forward towards safer motoring, and when one adds that synthetic rubber now costs much less than natural rubber the prospects seem rosy indeed, but as usual there is another side to the picture. By absorbing shocks without producing a springy reaction, the new rubber soaks up energy which is converted into heat, and heat is the great enemy of any tyre. The new tyres, therefore, cannot be used for continuous cruising speeds above 85 m.p.h. and they are not suitable for any speeds above 100. So, racing and sports car drivers, who would be glad of these new safety margins, cannot have them in full measure, though Dunlop's new fast road tyre, the RS 5, does incorporate some of these qualities in modified form.

The full benefits are reserved for large town cars and chauffeur-driven limousines which do not normally go over 85 m.p.h. It is for them that the new Elite tyre, made from the latest-type rubber is intended. Built with a heat-resistant nylon casing, it costs about 30 per cent more than standard tyres, the prices ranging from £11 6s. 6d. for the black 6.40-15 size, to £27 5s. 6d. for the white-wall 8.90-15. However, as supplies of the new rubber increase, it may become available in sizes suitable for ordin-

ary family cars, and let us hope that the price will also be within reach of ordinary mortals. It would be a tremendous help to riders of scooters and mopeds, to whom wet weather brings special skid risks.

For high-speed drivers, there is news of some improvements in design which should make steering more accurate. A disturbing sensation for most drivers is the sideways jerk as the edge of the tread strikes a tram line or a ridge in the road surface. Pirelli avoid it on their Cinturata tyre by continuing the tread smoothly over the edges and on to the wall of the tyre. Other Continental makers adopt similar ideas, and now British and German technicians working together have evolved an answer for the British Dunlop speed tyre, the RS 5. The edge of the tyre is stepped, so that it rides over the obstruction at speed without jerking the car sideways.

Talks I have had with tyre technicians recently show that they are planning more and more specialization for the future. High speed tyres, town tyres, wet weather tyres, cross-country tyres and many other variations could be tailored for the job if the car owner was willing to keep separate sets of tyres for different jobs. But I feel the average motorist will obstinately expect to be supplied with one type of tyre which will meet all requirements.

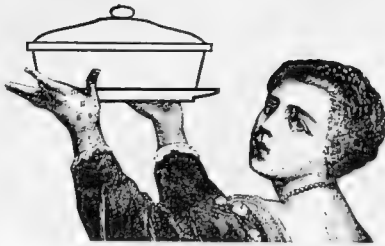
There is an alternative, of course, the Pirelli BS3, with detachable treads, on which one can fit different tread bands to suit different conditions. Meanwhile, designers of at least one new car intended for an attack on the world land speed record are planning to eliminate tyres altogether, on the grounds that they put severe limits on the braking and acceleration which can be employed at very high speeds. A German engineer is planning instead to use wheels with shock-absorbing rubber centres, shod with treads of spring steel. But think of the noise on a cobbled road!



Five weeks and two days after his crash at Francorchamps, Stirling Moss broke a lap record at Silverstone in a Formula 1 Cooper-Climax. Next day he broke another at Brand's Hatch, when the car carried a camera (above) while Moss gave a commentary

DINING IN

Helen Burke



A Victorian revived

I CAN STILL REMEMBER MY DELIGHT the first time I tasted egg and anchovy sandwich, and ever since I have been aware of these little fillets which might do more for a dish than their humble appearance would seem to justify. There are other recipes for this sandwich filling but the most simple one is excellent. Here it is: Chop 2 hard cooked eggs and 6-8 fillets of anchovy. Then pound them a little with 3 ounces of butter, adding a few grains of cayenne to sharpen the taste a little. Add, if you like, chopped parsley or chives or grated Parmesan, but even with none of these it is quite wonderful.

In Victorian days Anchovy Eggs were very popular. Nowadays we seldom meet them. They are well worth reviving. For four servings halve 4 hard-boiled eggs and chop the yolks. Chop also 8 anchovy fillets, then pound them into a paste with a spoonful of anchovy essence and a few grains of cayenne. Take off a thin slice from each egg

white so that they will stand firmly and pile or pipe the paste into each. Serve them garnished with watercress, or on a bed of crisp hearty lettuce cut into thin strips, and dressed with oil and vinegar.

Another very pleasant first course or a light main salad dish is a fish salad criss-crossed with a trellis of anchovy fillets, in each diamond space a caper or a slice of stuffed sweet pepper. For four servings boil about 12 ounces of potatoes in their jackets, taking care to keep them from flaking. Peel them while they are hot and dice or slice them into an oil and vinegar dressing well seasoned and accented with mustard. The hot potatoes will absorb the dressing, the cold ones reject it. Sprinkle them with chopped chives and parsley to your own liking and turn them into a fairly shallow dish. When celery is available, it is a good idea to add about a cupful cut into thin slices crosswise, also dressed in oil and vinegar. Arrange pieces of cold sole,

halibut or hake, or crab meat or crayfish tails cut into collops. Spread generously with mayonnaise and just before serving it arrange the anchovy fillets trellis-wise with either caper or sliced stuffed olives in the spaces.

Rice salads, using rice in place of potatoes, and the above fish are even more refreshing than the potato salad base. Add a little more mustard to the dressing with chopped green onion, sweet red pepper cut into short match sticks and a dessert pear cut into small wedges and immediately sprinkled with vinegar or lemon juice to keep the pear white. Best rice for all rice salads is Patna.

Scotch Woodcock is another old-fashioned savoury. For the benefit of young cooks and visitors it has nothing to do with a bird! For four servings chop finely 6-8 anchovy fillets. Chop also some parsley. Beat 2 eggs with $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of single cream, a few grains of cayenne and a pinch of salt. Stir these over the low heat to make a smooth thick sauce. Have ready 4 small crustless slices of hot toast, spread with the anchovy. Slip under the grill to warm the anchovy mixture and top with the egg. Sprinkle with chopped parsley and do not delay serving.

For quite a number of years I have enjoyed the travel-cookery books of the Chamberlains, Narcissa G. and Samuel. They brought together interesting writing, excellent photographs and fine etchings,

Mrs. Chamberlain translating from the French or Italian and Samuel doing the writing and illustrations. *Bouquet de France* was followed by *Italian Bouquet*, both of which I find the best all-round pick-up books. Now their daughter Narcisse has joined them in *The Flavour of France* (Hamish Hamilton, 25s.). This book, edited by the daughter, deals with the family cooking of France. On every page a recipe, and a photograph of the chateau or some other place associated with that recipe. I give you here one which interested me because it uses anchovy fillets! Here is the recipe for *Gigot à la Gênoise*.

Remove as much fat and skin as possible from a small leg of lamb. Insert a cut clove of garlic near the bone at each end of the roast and marinate it for 24 hours with a $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of oil, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of white wine, 1 onion and 1 carrot, both sliced, 4 whole cloves. The next day put the leg of lamb in a roasting pan and over it slice 2 stalks of celery and 2 small sour pickles. Sprinkle it with a little chopped tarragon and across the top arrange 4 anchovy fillets and 2 strips of bacon. Roast the gigot in a 400 degree Fahr. oven for 18 minutes per pound, basting it often, until it is done but still pink in the centre. Carve it at the table and serve the pan juices, diluted with a little hot water or stock, in a sauceboat. Be sure to skim the excess fat first.

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 ★ ★ GRAND PRIX OF MONACO ★ ★
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 ★ INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW ★
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HOTELS

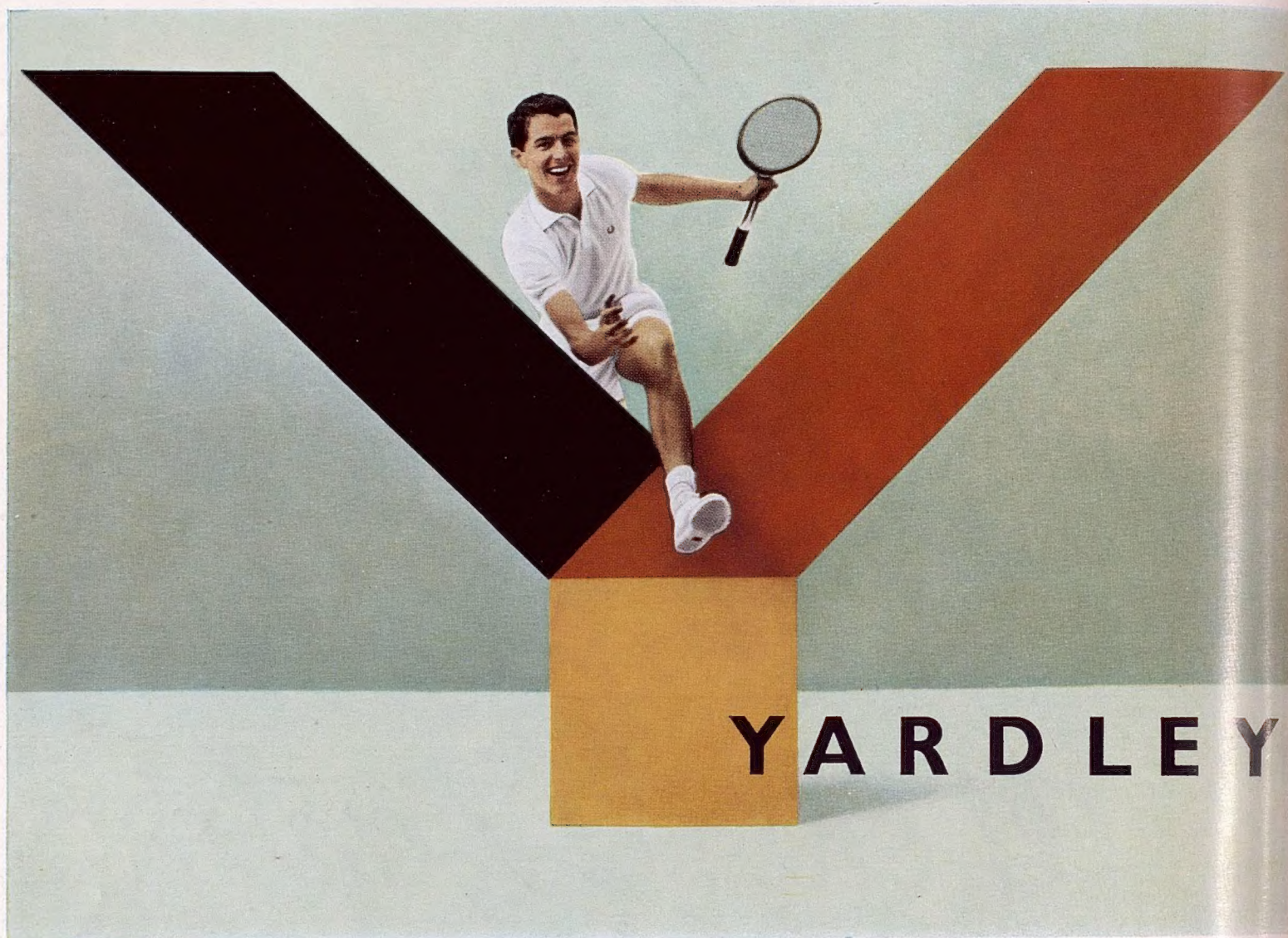
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